

The New, Bigger
**CALLING ALL
GIRLS**

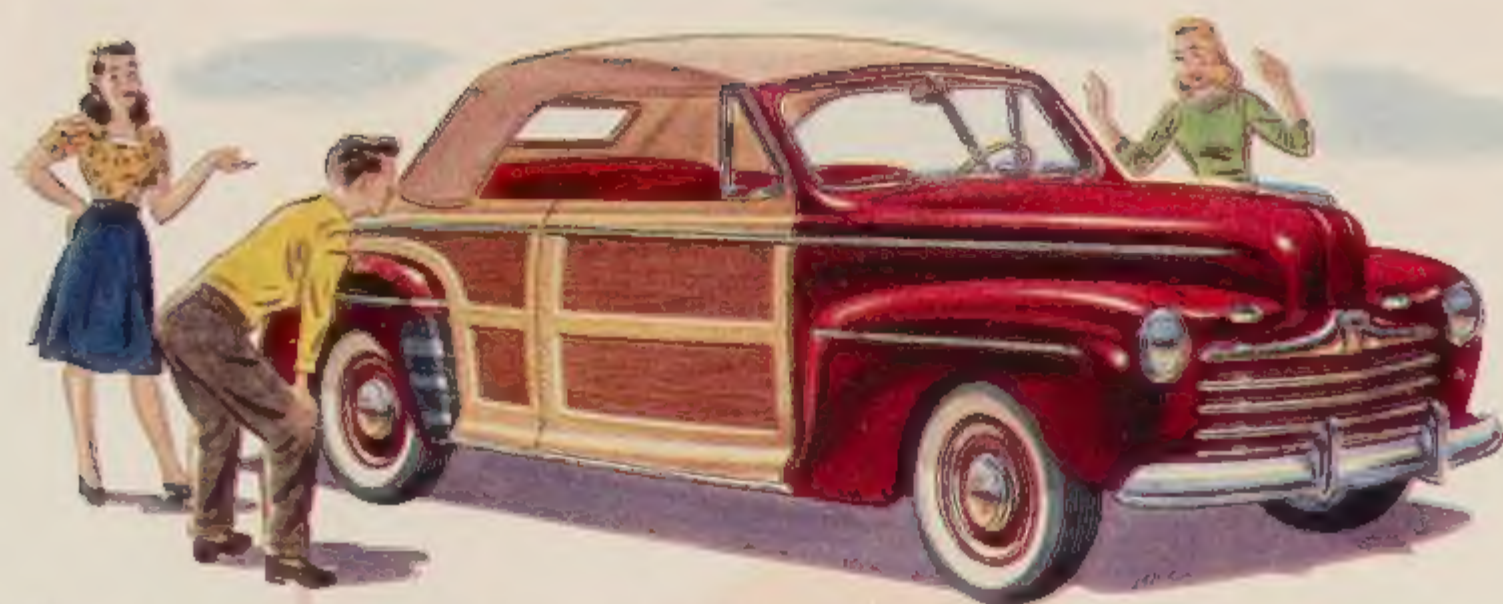
AUGUST
1946

10¢

ICC



STORIES · FASHIONS · MOVIES
GOOD LOOKS · TRICKS FOR TEENS



Just imagine the thrill - the pride - of winning a Ford station wagon of your own!

You have a chance to win one of
653 simply super prizes
 station wagon...wrist watches...nylon hosiery...cosmetics

in this easy *Stadium Girl* Lipstick Contest

1st Prize

1946 model Ford convertible station wagon. Immediate delivery!



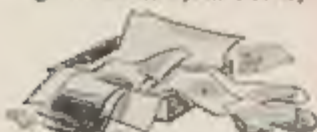
2nd and 3rd Prizes

Beautiful Balova wrist watch



Next 150 Prizes

One pair of lovely, hard-to-get Phoenix nylon hosiery



Next 500 Prizes

Stadium Girl gift box containing large-size plastic compact and lipstick



Read these contest rules:

- Write or neatly print your contest entry on sheet of paper containing your name and address.
- Mail entry together with card on which Stadium Girl Lipstick comes attached, to Campus Sales Co., Dept. 786, 411 E. Mason Street, Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.
- Entries to be judged on originality, uniqueness, and aptness by independent judges. Decisions final. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be made. No entries returned.
- Contest open to all persons except employees of the Campus Sales Company, their advertising agency, and their families.
- All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, September 15, 1946. Prize winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.
- Enter as many times as you wish.

Wouldn't it be terrific if you won a snorky, new convertible station wagon! Jeepers, you'd be the envy of the whole crowd!

You have a chance to win one—or any of 653 swell prizes—in the Stadium Girl Lipstick Contest. All you have to do is just to complete this statement in 25 words or less: "I like Stadium Girl Lipstick in the easy push-up plastic container, because..."

No trick to that, is there! It's easy to be enthused about popular Stadium Girl Lipstick. Stadium Girl's six smart, becoming shades that stay on and on and on, and do so much for your lips.

Enter this contest as many times as you like. But include with each entry the card on which the 25¢-size Stadium Girl Lipstick comes attached.

Get your Stadium Girl Lipstick today at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. Or, if your dealer can't supply you, order right now by coupon below. Read the contest rules. Then put on your thinking cap and get busy trying to win one of the prizes you yen for!

Tear out coupon and mail today

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 786
 411 E. Mason Street
 Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing 35¢ (in Canada 50¢) which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated my choice of shade at the right.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....(.....) State.....

No C.O.D.'s please

My choice of lipstick shade is:

- ☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
- ☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
- ☐ Orchid
- ☐ Teepie (med. dk.)
- ☐ Ruby (dark)
- ☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

Most
Likely
to
Succeed

YOU

the gal in the GLENGARRY SWEATER


Glengarry
SPORTSWEAR

100% WOOL
Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.

CALLING ALL GIRLS

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FROM YOU to US



WE ALWAYS like to know what you think, and we are glad to publish excerpts from some of your letters. We wish we had space to print all of them. We hope more and more of you will write us—tell us what you like about the magazine, what you don't like, what you want to see in future issues. Even though we can't answer all your letters, we give thoughtful consideration to every one of them. When you write us, address your letters to From You to Us Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

We feel humble

CAG is the kind of a magazine that understands all the girls in the world. CAG is us, the girls who will have to help keep America in top-notch condition in the years to come. Thank you gobs for producing CAG.

R. D., Cherokee, Okla.

CAG in rhyme

In magazines I like them all,
 No matter how big or how small;
 But CAG is tops with me,
 With its stories, styles and recipes.

When each month comes around,
 I almost always can be found
 Sitting on the rolling green
 Reading my favorite magazine,
 CALLING ALL GIRLS!

S. A. F., Lancaster, Pa.

And looks what's here!

I love horses, but you never seem to have anything about them. Couldn't you please have a story about a horse or some pictures of one, please?

J. C., Lowell, Mass.

Career gals

My hat's off to CAG for those wonderful write-ups on careers! They are really super. They give us teen-agers an idea of what is necessary for a career. Ernest Osborne's article on teaching was just tops.

C. J. K., Gloucester Heights, N. Y.

There are more girls interested in science than people think. I am one of them. It would make your magazine better if you had something on scientific careers.

D. B., Croton, N. Y.

I enjoyed that wonderful story on teaching in the May issue. Since my future ambition is to teach grammar school, I have found that this story has answered many important questions.

B. F., Buffalo, N. Y.

Well, girls?

There is one thing I would like to know. Are American teen-agers quite as wacky as some articles make them? Do they really use jive talk? (Continued on page 97)

Rosenbaum Company

Pittsburgh 22, Pa.



A young and charming frock with just the right touch of sophistication. In a rayon fabric by CONCORDIA, in postman blue, peacock, melon, pine needle green, with contrasting grosgrain ribbon to emphasize the slim silhouette and point up the flared skirt. Order it in Sub-Junior sizes 7-9-11-13-15. **\$5**

MAIL ORDERS FILLED • ROSENBAUM COMPANY • PITTSBURGH 22, PA.

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS.**



The neatest trick in sweaters . . . "Imps," the *only* new and original sweater creations, hand-screened designs. All wool and only \$10. At fine stores everywhere including:

LYTTON'S

Chicago, Oak Park, Evanston, Gary

BLOOMINGDALE'S • New York

BURDINE'S Miami

GIMBEL'S Philadelphia

GIMBEL'S Pittsburgh

HARVEY'S Nashville

HECHT CO. Washington

KERR'S Oklahoma City

MAY CO. Los Angeles

SCHUSTER'S Milwaukee

ABRAHAM & STRAUSS Brooklyn

REGINA KNIT SPORTSWEAR CO. • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.



CARDI POPPER

Now,
this is a
bright idea!

Pop Jackets*

Meistergrammed
WITH 3 INITIALS

Plucky, new jackets that pop over skirts, slacks, shorts, dresses . . . handsomely Meistergrammed with your own initials or Greek sorority letters.

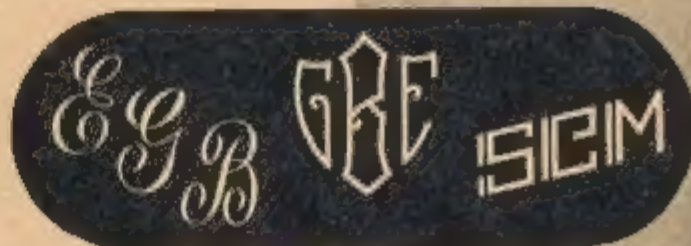
Man-tailored to the teen's taste in 100% virgin wool loomed by American Woolen Co. expressly for Meister's Pop Jackets. Coal Black, Winter-White, Oxford Grey, and "Pop"-ular gay hues. Sizes 10-20. About \$16.95, with your Meistergram.



BOX POPPER



CLUB POPPER



Have your initials in any of these 3 Meistergram designs.

School or Club insignia will be Meistergrammed on group orders of 24 or more Pop Jackets.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

for the name of your store selling Meistergrammed Pop Jackets, write:
MEISTER BROTHERS, 2044 EUCLID AVENUE, CLEVELAND 15, OHIO
1189 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y. 939 South Broadway, Los Angeles 15, Calif.

TAKE A QUIZ, KIDS!



When does a little go a long way?

When you wear whisper-light J J TEEN TYPES,

The very first girdles and bras
ever designed only for teens.



... must magic for now under your revealing summersheers,
and wonderful figure insurance for smart chicks later.
The Panty-Girdle, of rayon satin with lenolastic panels about \$5.00
The Rounded-Line nylon Bra about \$2.00

At all leading stores

LEADING FOUNDATIONS CO., Inc.
45 EAST 30TH STREET, NEW YORK 16

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.



Don't say Sweaters, say *Tish-u-Knit*

designed by Léon

Classics in a class by themselves. They rate on dates and on every campus slate. Fashioned of softest pure virgin wool in such "glom" hits as the Boxer Set, Scene Stealer and smart rolled jewel neck Blackie. Ask for them at leading stores everywhere or write: **TISH-U-KNIT Sweaters, 1372 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.** Canada: 303 St. Paul Street, W. Montreal • Write TISH-U-KNIT for Free "Fashion and Exercise" Book.

When writing to advertisers, please mention *CALLING ALL GIRLS*

beg...borrow...steal...for

Charing Cross

BANDITEENAS

Not since the storied days of

Robin Hood have there been such
merry shoes. Free as the winds.

Gay as the bandits. Wearable with
slacks, skirts, dresses, shorts. Of fine
quality soft suede. Color choice
of Vagabond Red or Midnight Black.

Height-increasing hidden wedges.

Adjustable tie. Banditeenas are
Charing Cross creations, priced
about \$5 at shoe stores and shoe
departments everywhere . . .

Lester Pincus Shoe Corp., New York.

Charing Cross



NO
ADMITTANCE

BIOGRAPHY
OF A
HANDSOME COAT

PLOT: MacArthur, the winningest general
known.

STYLE: Casual, compressed in the back, long
that provides a beautiful silhouette.

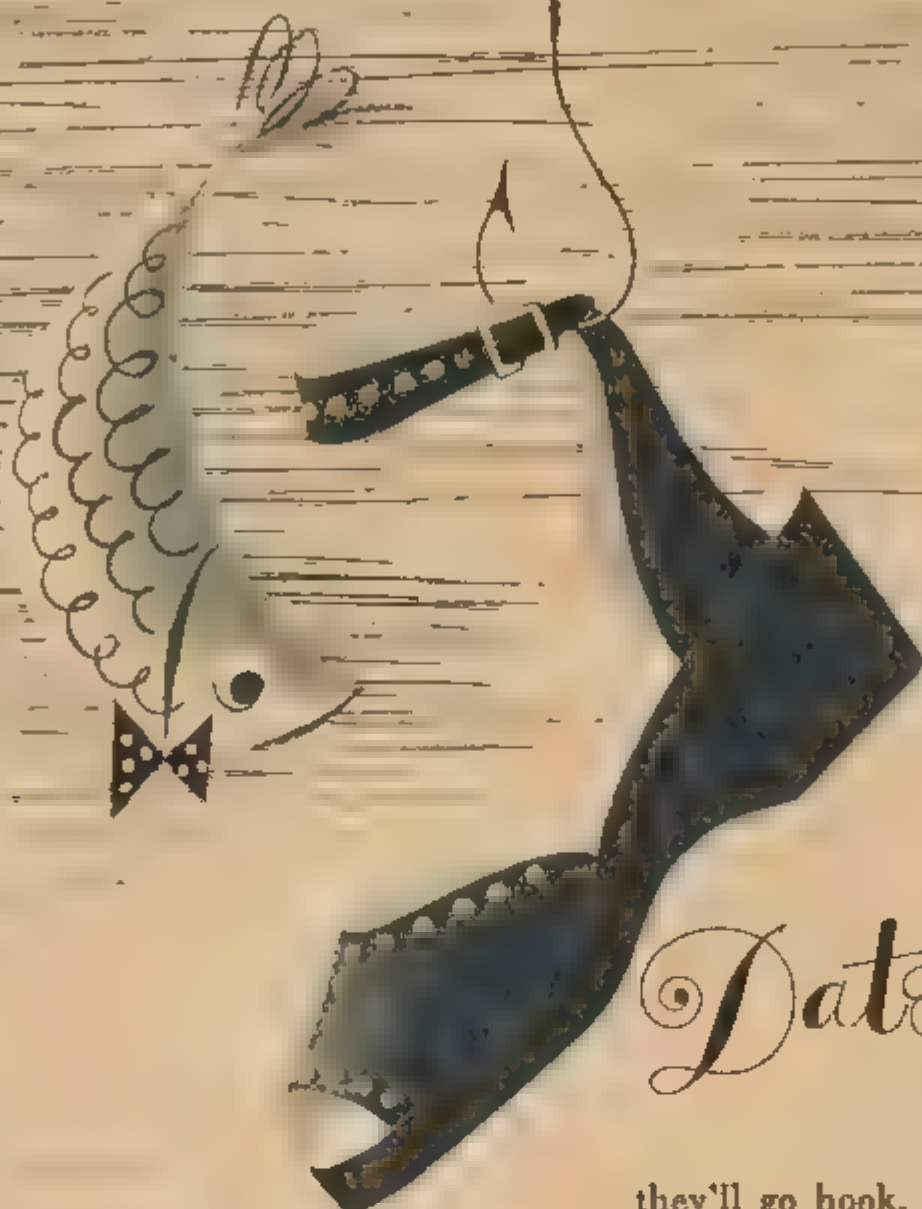
STRUCTURE: Savvy, made of Dongora's strong
polyester-weight fabric by Warren that
carries me the plot and glorifies the
style.

CONCLUSION: Happy that's how you'll feel when
you wear it this winter, and prove
to yourself that this is a true story!

Teen sizes 10 to 16. About \$35.

For store nearest your home, write to:
DAN SNYDER & CO., 534 Eighth Ave., New York 18, N.Y.





Date Bait

they'll go hook, line and sinker

for the young styles . . . the sassy colors . . .

wear 'em with your slick campus clothes, and watch the boys

straighten up their ties when you go by!



at your favorite shoe or department store,
or write to: DESCO SHOE CORP
Outdoor and Indoor Footwear
47 W. 34th St., New York City



HARVEYS • Nashville 3, Tennessee

Size _____ Color _____

(Please list your second color choice)

Charge _____ Payment Enclosed _____ C.O.D. _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Young Nashvillians... appreciate real value. Here's the dress that's going to please everyone concerned. You, because it makes you look so grown-up and your very prettiest. Your beau because it's so all-out feminine. And your parents, because it's the most budget-conscious price they've ever heard of...

Imagine! a dress of plied yarn alpaca type rayon crepe for **only \$5.00**. You haven't seen it since before the war. Grey, blue, rose, aqua. Sub-junior sizes 7-9-11-13-15.

setting a new pace in the southland...

Harveys

NASHVILLE 3, TENNESSEE

When writing up to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

"JAM SESSION"



WINNIE WOOL shows off her "JAM SESSION" . . . National Prize Winner of original design in the Jacquard Sweater Contest held by "Calling All Girls". It's a toothsome little number of s-m-o-o-t-h 100% virgin wool... in colors to make your heart bounce.

SIZES 34 to 40

WINNIE WOOL reel-y gets around. Look for her in leading newspapers and magazines.



At all good stores or write to

ROSSWELL SPORTSWEAR
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Copyrighted 1946
ROSSWELL SPORTSWEAR



Doris Dodson does it again...

A+ RATING a smart, two-piece plaid
of wool and rayon with neat,
waistcoat points accentuating
the slim waist and new, forward
swishing skirt. Green
and brown or red and black
Sizes seven to fifteen...
About thirteen dollars



Write for the name of your local shop
Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1 Missouri

The TEEN SHOP



BOZO
metal
CHARM BRACELET
by CORO
gold or silver finish
\$1.00

BOZO
All W^o 1 aid
about \$9.00



CORO INC.

47 WEST 34th STREET

NEW YORK 1, N.Y.



Coro
TEENS



BARBARA JOAN TOGS

264 WEST 35th ST., NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

*Are you
date bait?*

ASKS

VIRGINIA BELMONT,
GOLDWYN GIRL

● "Only in stories do pale, listless heroines have appeal," says Virginia Belmont, glamorous Goldwyn Girl featured in the Danny Kay picture "The Kid from Brooklyn."

"Men like pretty girls—certainly. But a gal must be lively and fun, too. That can't be faked—to be perky you have to feel good.

"What's the recipe? Sleep, for one thing. Eight hours a night—more if you need it. You can't be peppy if you're groggy.

"Exercise! I suggest you try some setting up exercises—and get interested in sports.

"Eat, and well! Three times a day. That, my pretty, includes breakfast. You don't need to dawdle over it—but it should be no sip and run affair. Personally, my breakfast often includes a big bowlful of milk, fruit and Wheaties. They're light but filling—those whole wheat flakes. And good! All toasty brown, sweet and crisp."

See if your date baiting technique doesn't improve when you start your breakfast with milk, fruit and Wheaties!

General Mills, Inc.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.



Macy's

Herald Square, N. Y. (1)

N. Y.

Teena Paige* tailors the twirler

**Teena Paige takes your own
darling dirndl**

and tailors it. The stripe's borrowed
from Dad's best chalk-striper, the little
white pique collar's button-cute,
the patch pockets are prodigious. And
of course we don't have to tell you
this trim little job'll be perfect

for school and after. Made of Kluger spun rayon and

aralac in copen blue, aqua, gray, or lime white striped.

Junior sizes, 9 to 15. Jr. Deb Centre*, 4th Floor. **4.98**



Also at Macy's-Parkchester. Write Macy's Box 70, G. P. O., N. Y. C. (1).
Phone LA. 4-6000. Dept. 133. Add 12c for shipping charge. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Mary Jo's real problem wasn't what to serve at her party. It was Mums, who just wasn't like other mothers.

MEDAL for MUMS

By GERTRUDE CRAMPTON

MARY JO WAGNER straightened her dress so that it hung from her shoulders as the designer had intended. Every time she asked to be taken above the merchandise floors of Lamson's to the executive floor, the elevator operator looked her over quite carefully, as though wondering why in the world she was entitled to enter the carefully guarded offices.

"Maybe I ought to explain that I'm Sally Wagner's little girl and my mama writes advertising copy," Mary Jo reflected a bit sourly as she stepped to the rear of the elevator car. If she got just one dose today of the customary, "Sally, don't tell me this is your daughter!" she was going to be violently and nauseatingly sick. As though she were some sort of thumb-sucking monstrosity no mother in her right mind would admit owning. As though—Mary Jo shrugged her irritation away. No sense in getting worked up over past events.

Today was going to be a good day. Mums herself had said so. "Pick me up at the office at twelve," she had suggested. "We'll lunch." Mary Jo wished they'd eat lunch someplace other than Lamson's. Mums was so definitely the

When Mary Jo walked in, Mums was talking to one of her assistants. She glanced up in a puzzled, withdrawn way. Then came sudden recognition.

executive type in Lamson's dining room and couldn't forget it. "Then," Mums had rattled on, "we'll pick out a new dress for these ever-increasing dates with Tucker, and afterwards we'll go to the matinee. There's quite a nice musical at the Imperial, and we might as well take it in. It's about time we went off on a bat together."

Yes, today was going to be a good day, Mary Jo reflected as the car shot upward, and she wasn't going to be irritated by any of the things that always seem to happen when you have a career-mother instead of a mother-mother. White gloves gleaming, every hair in place, stocking seams ruler-straight, Mary Jo swung down the hall of the eighth floor to her mother's office.

"The thing to do," Mums was saying to one of her assistants as Mary Jo walked in, "is to shift the sweater ad and the skirt ad to Thursday—by the way, if Fred doesn't perk up his artwork a little, we can't interest the teenagers—and then we'll . . ." Mums glanced up, looking Mary Jo over in a puzzled, withdrawn way. Suddenly, with a flash of recognition "Oh, Mary Jo! Look, dear, something's come up. I just can't get away. We've got to shift all our ads for days and days to make room for some stuff. You know how it is." Mums fumbled in her bag and brought out two pink tickets. "Telephone TwoGees and ask her to come in for the matinee. See you later, darling, and forgive me this once." Before Mary Jo could protest that TwoGees couldn't possibly get into town by matinee time, Mums' head was bent again over drawings and advertising copy and schedules.

"Have lunch downstairs while you're waiting for TwoGees," Mums called to Mary Jo's retreating back. "Charge it to me."

Mary Jo walked glumly to the elevator. Advertising executive! Now, there was something she definitely was not going to be.

As for eating downstairs, Mary Jo wasn't going to have anything to do with Lamson's or Lamson's restaurant, or Mums' charge account. Instead, she stopped at a drugstore and had a limp sandwich and a malted before she caught the next suburban train home. A swell Saturday, not!

Going home was unthinkable, Mary Jo concluded as she got off the commuters' local at Glen Ridge. She was so miserable she needed company, and if she went home, she'd just wail. Her well-shod feet turned in almost instinctively at TwoGees' house. TwoGees, known only to her family in moments of deep stress as Grace Geraldine, could be counted on to lend a sympathetic ear or donate a cheering phrase. Mary Jo tore the pink matinee tickets into defiant bits and rang TwoGees' doorbell. TwoGees' mother answered.

"Hello, Mary Jo. Don't tell me you could smell fudge all the way

happened to be coming along. The flock, as TwoGees' mother called them, was in the kitchen; TwoGees and Herb, Flossie and Dale, Kit and Mac, and trying hard not to look like an extra, Tuck.

"Hi!" said TwoGees. "Boy, howdy, am I glad to see you! Now Tuck won't be the lost lamb."

Tuck grinned delighted agreement and handed Mary Jo a plate of fudge. "TwoGees' mother broke down and gave us a cup of sugar," he explained. "We bummed the other cup off Flossie's mama."

"Just a minute, careless." Two-



TwoGees' mother poked her head into the kitchen for a moment.

into town," she challenged smilingly. "Run along to the kitchen. TwoGees and your usual flock are slowly knocking the house down from there."

Golly, there was a mother for you, Mary Jo decided. TwoGees was the big shot in her mother's life, and she didn't have to be sandwiched in between sweaters and skirts and how Fred's artwork

Gees had an eye on Mary Jo's white gloves. "Our cultured friend has been to the city. Let her get rid of her city slicker clothes before she tries fussing around with this gooey stuff."

"Been up to monkey business with your ma?" Tuck smiled as he took Mary Jo's hat. "Your mother's slick. I give her the diamond bracelet for being least



She smiled approval at her daughter's friends, and withdrew. Gee, there was a mother for you, Mary Jo decided.

like a mother of all the mothers in Glen Ridge."

"And you're not fooling," added Mary Jo silently.

"No stuff," Tuck went on, "she's swell. Smart and cute and easy to be around. I guess it's her work that keeps her so sort of young."

"Did I tell you I saw her in Lamson's the other day?" Kit asked. "She looked keen. She said

she was running around getting ideas for ads, but she took me in to a friend of hers at the soda bar, and they rigged up something pretty special." Kit wriggled blissfully. "Imagine working in a store with a soda bar."

"Yeah, imagine!" Mary Jo retorted, and got another station on the kitchen radio.

There was a queer silence, and

Tuck looked at Mary Jo sharply.

"Let's dance," he said suddenly, and held out his arms. Some of the others were dancing, too, when TwoGees' mother poked her head into the kitchen, smiled approval, and withdrew. Mary Jo sighed heavily.

"Trouble, Mary Jo?" Tuck squeezed her hand lightly, but

(Continued on page 60)



Bing Crosby



GARY

LINDSAY

PHILLIP

DENNIS

There's no one like Bing, and one reason teen-agers think so is that there's some of the zany, much of the serious about

That Croonin' Crosby

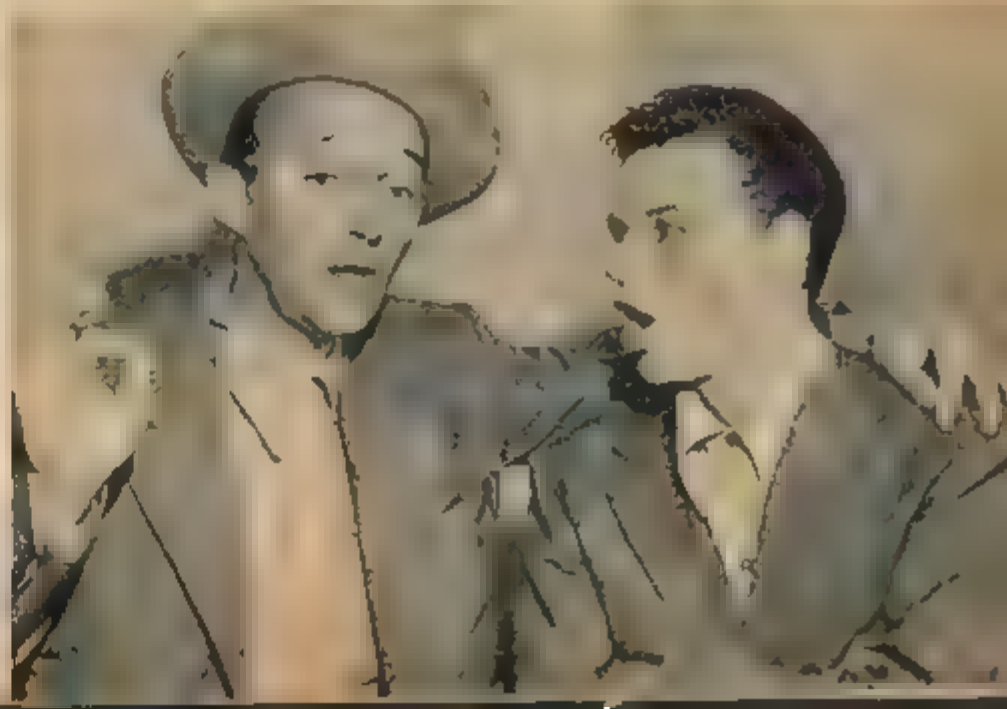
By ANNETTE TURNER

SAY what you will about harmonizing "Sweet Adeline"—once in a while it pays off. Look at Harry Lillis Crosby, for instance, otherwise known as Bing. His family had him nicely fitted into the law school at Gonzaga University in Spokane, and for all they knew, he was well on the way to being a judge someday. He might have made a good one, too, only—well, in the evenings some of the fellows used to get together and sing a little. That was the beginning. Pretty soon they got ideas about having a band, and formed the Musicaladers. There wasn't anyone to play the drums, so Bing bought a set on the installment plan and took up drumming. They rehearsed

five numbers, and then they were ready to go into business. At their first dance, they played their few tunes over and over again, but nobody seemed to mind.

From then on, the law books were just something to take up space on Bing's desk. He tried this, that, and the other—always with music—and eventually landed with Paul Whiteman as one of the Rhythm Boys. When Whiteman went to Hollywood, Bing went too, and he's never strayed very far from the movie capital since. Good reason why. He's gone from one starring role to another there with the greatest of ease, has rolled up a sizable fortune from pictures, radio, and recordings, (Continued on page 77)

Bing's severest critics, of both his radio broadcasts and his movies, are his four sons. At the top is Gary, aged twelve; next, Lindsay, seven, and the twins, Phillip and Dennis, eleven. Below, left—Bing listens while Olga San Juan, his newest singing partner, runs through a few bars of "Cuba," the duet they sing in Paramount's "Blue Skies." Bing's co-starred with Fred Astaire and John Cullfield in the Irving Berlin Technicolor musical which you'll be seeing soon. Below, right—Maybe they ought to be deadly rivals, but the Crooner and the Voice just can't take the situation seriously. They're good friends, really. Here they join in a bit of harmony.

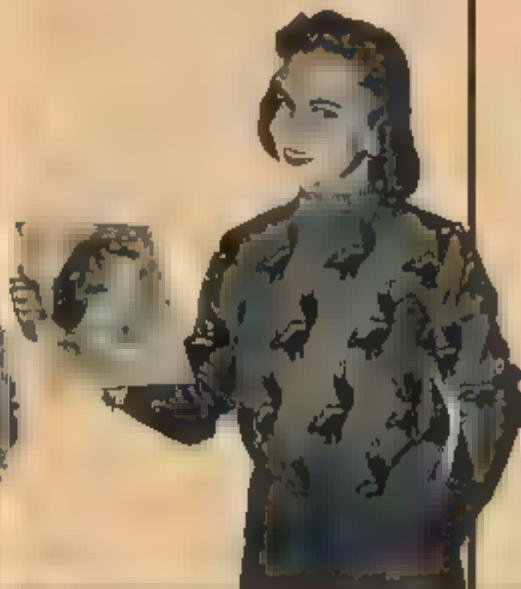


jacquard
By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

Dr. YASUYUKI TERADA, Public Affairs Officer

[illegible]

winners

[illegible]

jacquard

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

HERE they are—the Designs and Designers that won the National Awards in the CALLING ALL GIRLS Jacquard Sweater Design Contest. More than 40,000 designs were submitted, local awards were made in each of the 148 cities where the contest was conducted by CALLING ALL GIRLS Official Headquarters Stores. Then the country's leading sweater manufacturers helped us select the Big Five at an exhibit in the Crystal Gardens of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York, which was attended by more than 700 fashion and advertising experts. Yes, our Jacquard Sweater Design Contest was a terrific success, and we owe it all to YOU! Now, here's the Big News! Every one of these five Prize-Winning Jacquards is now available in the Teen Department of your nearest CALLING ALL GIRLS Official Headquarters Store, listed on page 98. You'll want at least one of them in your back-to-school wardrobe—so take your pick while the pickin's are good!



winners

OUR own CALLING ALL GIRLS models wear the winning designs and hold the pictures of the Prize-Winning Designers. Left to right, "Keyboard," by Joan Clare Cicchino, aged 16, Newark, N. J. By Glengarry, about \$8. "Jam Session," by 15-year-old Jane Overley of Brewerton, N. Y. A Winnie Wool by Rosawell, about \$9. "Solid Scenter," by Darlene Erickson, aged 16, of Des Moines, Iowa. By Glengarry, about \$8. "Heartigan," by Mary Lou Johnston, age 15, of Orlando, Fla. By Glengarry, about \$11. "Black Magic," designed by Joyce Webb, aged 17, of Syracuse, N. Y. By Hi-Girl, about \$10.



No last rose of summer



on First Fall Dates

Original page New CAC Order by
1 nineteen in 1940s apr cloth with
upside down diamond pattern and
belt. Approx. 1940. no and gray
chain \$1.50. dat by 1940s.
Left Turtleneck a white sweater
of Tegan Dornell of 1940s in 1940s.
about \$1.50.

Light, flared, Fila classic
 they all ship with a wrap belt
 about \$7

Below Portland, the rail road at
Tijuna's up worn tracks about 5 "

[illegible]

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Shown by Police only

Sted by d'Jc-79-10.

நீலம், சூரியன் நெல் & சூலை

Հինգու, Դեռվ.ձրն ի՞նչ Քսուսե Որ ար.

የቅዱስ ጳውሎስ ስሜን 52, 54 ገጽ ላይ ማግኘት ይቻላል።

No last rose of summer



On First Fall Dates



Opposite page, New CAG Dater by Universiteen in rayon sport cloth with push-up sleeve, licorice buttons and belt. Aqua, gold, rose, and gray, about \$9. Hat by Youngetars.

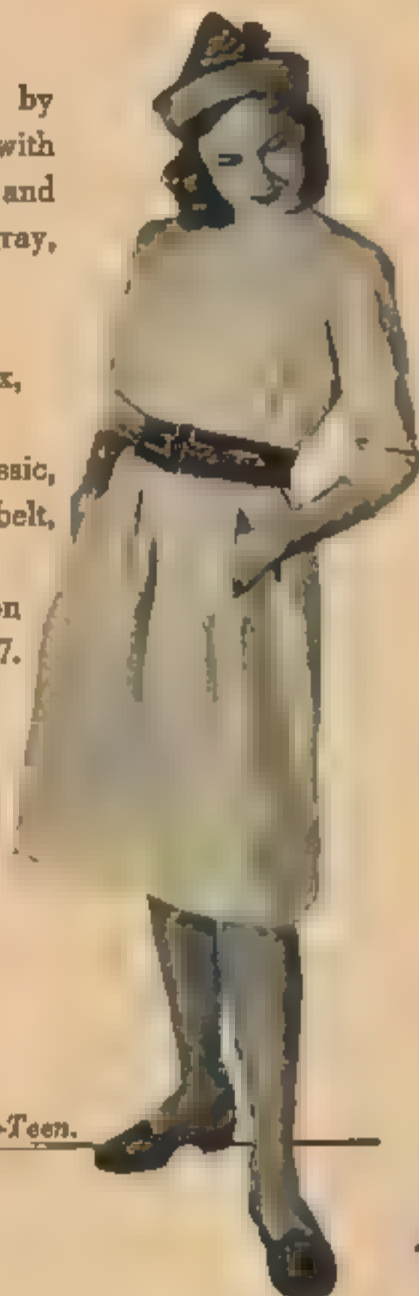
Left, Teentimer's midriff jumper of Tegra Burmil fabric by Labtex, about \$9.

Right, Junior First classic, rayon and wool, with triple belt, about \$13.

Below, Dramatic yoke and pocket on Tiljane's tan wool jersey, about \$17.

Below, right, Winter white and black jersey by Teena Paige, with patent belt, about \$6.

At Official Headquarters Stores, page 98, or send for where-to-buy information.



Shoes by Polly Deb.

Hat by Vio-Teen.



Shoes, Sportster Debs by Sandler.

Shoes, Teen-Age by Buster Brown

More fashions on pages 51, 54, 56, 75, and 82.

TODAY THE SKY ISN'T THE LIMIT

GIRLS HAVE MOVED INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER...



CHART YOUR COURSE

By HELEN CIANCIMINO



MARY FOUND OUT IN HER SENIOR YEAR THAT HER SCHOOL OFFERED A DREAM SCHOLARSHIP TOO LATE ... MAYBE YOU'LL FIND THE CHEM LAB IS SMELLY AND BIOLOGY REVOLTING ... GET TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOUR COMMUNITY THAN WHERE THE BEST PICNIC SPOTS ARE ... OR DECIDE TO TRY HOME ECONOMICS AND DISCOVER ONE GOOD REASON WHY YOU LOVE TO EAT



Happy the high school

**voyager who sets her sights now on a career
and lets her studies carry her to port!**

A NEW school year means new subjects to study—especially if you are just entering high school. If you think of those subjects as a tiresome way to mark time for four years, you're old-fashioned! But if you're a modern gal with an eye for tomorrow, then you'll want to begin right now to do some long-term planning. Those four years ahead can build toward the kind of work you want to do someday—if you have a pretty good idea now of what that work is going to be. Your school guidance counselor will help you, if you're at sea about it. But right now, here's an easy quiz to help you decide for yourself as to the kind of work you may be suited for. Once you know that, you can put thought on whether your course should lead toward a trade, or business, or college and a specialized career.

1. What subjects do I enjoy most and do best in, and how do I rank in my class in these subjects?
2. What subjects do I enjoy least and do worst in?
3. What are my pet hobbies and my special talents?
4. Do I work better with my hands or with ideas?
5. Do I prefer routines or am I happier creating things? Am I imaginative or practical?
6. Am I interested in people—working with them and doing things for them?
7. Which do I really want most—fame, money, or the satisfaction of serving others?
8. What careers and jobs sound most interesting to me?
9. Am I a good leader and organizer who enjoys responsibility?
10. Would I rather cooperate with someone else and carry out orders?

High school is an adventure. Behind you are elementary school, the three R's, and childhood. And ahead? You are excited and a little unsure of what to expect, but you hang your hopes on four happy and successful years. You compare notes with the other girls about what clothes to wear for high school, what teams to try out for, and what clubs to join.

But have you thought about what subjects you will take? Or are you mentally in the dark ages, dismissing shorthand as just a series of (Continued on page 64)



The photograph groined down and down and, he dreams of an old and a new vision of "hardy" ruled a crisp mountain walk through the quiet atmosphere of the dark.

"How's about being something or the other?" said Chip. "You might as well be the stretched here down in a pile of pillows."

Chip smiled at the sight of the man's face. He was up and out of the bed.

He turned from the window where she had been sitting, looking at the man's face. He was up and out of the bed. He was up and out of the bed.

Nan rolled over and smiled kindly at the man's face. He was up and out of the bed.

"When we finally have vacation and 'holidays' we'll be out here in our old clubhouse every night of the year."

"Yeah, said Chip. "What the heck got you so excited?"

"Suppose that's why Wally went to the shore?"

"Probably some girl who's he said in his new Chip grinned. "He's out on an anti-gate ground."

"Right, inconsiderate as his. 'Leave us in the mean three. What can you do with three people?' Take four or five, and it's all right."

Wally smiled and said, "I'm just being slow. What's the matter with you? You're all the time and a thing about you feel uncomfortable. So, let's go and catch a young girl."

"Where are you going?" Nan asked. "But in order, he said, 'I'm going to the shore, but I'm going after her.'"

"Hey, Wally, said Chip. "I called after her."

He flushed in spite of himself. "The Nan, I was only kidding. I didn't mean it. I know you like her, and she's got a lot to say about her mind. How about going with her?"

Wally smiled and said, "I'm going to the shore, but I'm going after her." He was up and out of the bed. He was up and out of the bed.

She was on the edge of the bed, looking at the man's face. He was up and out of the bed.

Wally smiled and said, "I'm going to the shore, but I'm going after her."

He was up and out of the bed. He was up and out of the bed.

"I'm going to the shore, but I'm going after her."

He was up and out of the bed. He was up and out of the bed.

Wally smiled and said, "I'm going to the shore, but I'm going after her."

He was up and out of the bed. He was up and out of the bed.

Wally smiled and said, "I'm going to the shore, but I'm going after her."

He was up and out of the bed. He was up and out of the bed.

The YORKTOWN YOUNGER SET

Wally's romance was romantic—just like a fairy tale. But when she insisted on building it up into a continued story...

BY BLAKE GILPIN HOWMAN

Wally smiled and said, "I'm going to the shore, but I'm going after her."

He was up and out of the bed. He was up and out of the bed.

Wally smiled and said, "I'm going to the shore, but I'm going after her."

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Wally smiled and said, "I'm going to the shore, but I'm going after her."

He was up and out of the bed. He was up and out of the bed.



Albino—A young Albinus was taken on the 15th of the month. It was a female. It had no white spots on its body.

[illegible]

Blind, with a blindfolded woman lying on
a cot in a room that was dark in the
hospital and the nurse was blindfolded
and was blindfolded. Let me know if you
have a blindfold and blindfolded person
with a blindfold of the blindfolded person.

S you're decided to be a nurse. Frankly, of the idea had never been tried at your point in the army process. It's a natural, for most of us appealing to our sympathies, not only for the help at hand, but for the aged and infirm, the mother and protect, the young and helpless. And a bit more all there is to nursing, a desire to take care of the sick and injured, we'd have more than enough nurse and if there are many other things, like: "super simply in the home of a helping out a neighbor nursing him become a highly specialized profession. You can be a nurse in a good way, and even have you're a "nurse" but have what if you have to care for a patient in an oxygen and what if the whole thing is a part of which instruments to use and the surgeon who is removing an appendix.

[illegible]

YOUR

iii

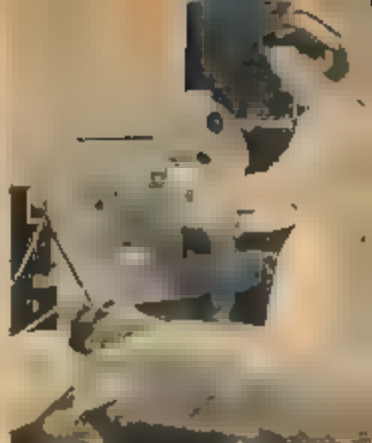
Maybe you've set your heart on wearing a starched uniform and nurse's cap someday. Then let's see if you can qualify and how you go about preparing for this most challenging—and satisfying—profession.

By DOROTHY DEMING, R.N.
 Author of 'Tender and Dear Nurse and Ladies'
 and 'How Things are Nursing'

Right—Xanthoxanth has 11 and the other apocarotenoids 9-10 which the common biosynthetic pathway has in common. I don't think I should have said that.

Grain-distilling surgical instruments is one of the routine tasks in the hospital. The bag, sack and others are part of making sure the instrument is up to the job and safe.

Hebrew.—Henceforth all the proceedings within
and about the gate of Israel's kingdom during the
year? This year is passing in a brief flash
from a poor Hebrew's forehead. ¹⁴ ¹⁵





Above—A young student nurse looks on as the night supervisor checks a patient's chart and makes sure all's well.

Below, left—You don't become an operating-room nurse until you've been in training for some time. Probably there's no more responsible nursing job than this—nor any more fascinating.

Below, right—Student nurses learn not only from books but from work in the hospital wards and from classroom demonstrations. Here an instructor shows students a tourniquet procedure with a member of the class as a model.

SO you've decided to be a nurse! Frankly, if the idea had never occurred to you, you'd be pretty unusual. It's a natural for most of us, appealing to our sympathies, our pity for the hurt or handicapped, and our age-old instinct to mother and protect the young and helpless. And if that were all there is to nursing—a desire to take care of the sick and injured—we'd have more than enough nurses. It isn't, of course. Like many other callings which began simply in the home or in helping out a neighbor, nursing has become a highly specialized profession. You can be brimful of good will, and certain that you're a "born nurse," but that won't tell you how to care for a patient in an oxygen tent, what to do when a baby is born, or which instruments to pass to the surgeon who is removing an appendix.

The skill and knowledge expected of the 1946 professional nurse are the result of our steady progress in the discovery of new drugs, new tests, new treatments, and the miracles of modern surgery. After Dad's accident, he isn't laid up at home; he recovers in a hospital under the expert care of an orthopedic surgeon, with the use of sulfa drugs, X-ray, blood transfusions, and, later, a course of deep diathermy treatments. Baby Johnny is registered at the Baby Station of the Health Department under the supervision of a pediatrician and a public health nurse and comes through the hot summer without the loss of a single ounce in weight and without a day of illness. If Grandma is ill and can't go to the hospital, a visiting nurse gives her professional nursing care right in her own home. All of these are very up-to-date and scientific activities calling for months of study and practice—but you can be sure they make the thrill of nursing greater than ever before: the joy in relieving suffering, the satisfaction of preventing complications and of seeing a patient get well, and the (Continued on page 83)

your



Right—Knowing how to use the new apparatus with which the modern hospital is equipped is part of every trained nurse's job.

Center—Sterilizing surgical instruments is one of the routine tasks in any hospital. The cap, mask, and gloves are part of making sure the instruments in the tray are disinfected.

Below—Remember all the recoveries resulting from the use of blood plasma during the war? This nurse is assisting in taking blood from a donor. *Harmon Foundation Photos.*



Maybe you've set your heart on wearing a starched uniform and nurse's cap someday. Then let's see if you can qualify and how you go about preparing for this most challenging—and satisfying—profession

By DOROTHY DEMING, R.N.
Author of "Penny and Pam, Nurse and Cadet"
and Other Books on Nursing

teen hair-dos AUTUMN 1946

My LOVER & CHILD
Good Luck Editor

You needn't change the entire style to give your hairdo a strictly new look.

[illegible]

At 2 m in the distance the Sumatran Rd.
 to go over the hill - one a piece of the road
 leading back to well out in the al-
 lowed to go in and out with the
 in the 2 to 3 m range of the road by
 the hill all the way down to the
 close up in the 2 m range of the road

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teen hair-dos

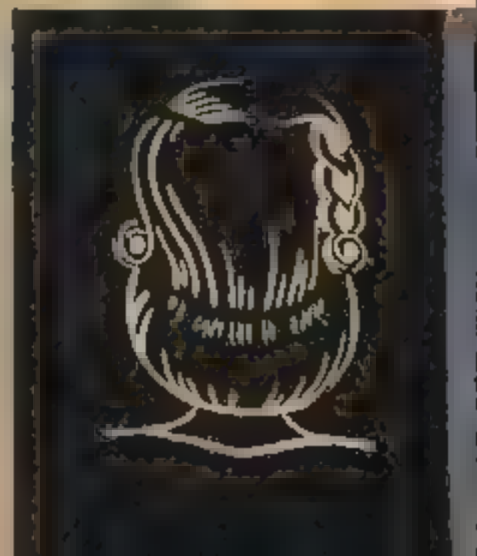
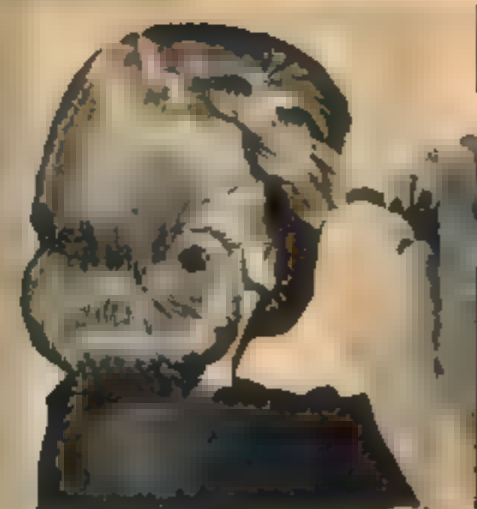
Most girls are really on the spot when it comes to hair. You're bored with the same old way of wearing it, but you hesitate to change radically. You want to look excitingly different, but not *strange*. So you mutter darkly that someone should design a new style that would be the answer to your particular prayer.

Mr. Leon, the chief *artiste* of the American Hair Design Institute, has listened to plenty of those mutterings. With a typically French lift of the shoulders he answers, "But why not?" And with a touch of the comb, a few quick snips of the scissors, he gets that big-little difference that transforms your hair-do.

Here are three of Mr. Leon's suggestions, created

exclusively for CALLING ALL GIRLS readers. We saw him arrange these, and there's not one you can't set and comb yourself. But—we warn you that when it comes to haircutting you should have good professional service. Start with a well-shaped mane, properly thinned if necessary. You can take your hair-do from there, with results that will satisfy the most critical.

The new look is close-to-the-head. So why not wear your pageboy a little bit shorter and, for originality, braid the top piece? When you have your hair cut, see that the top is left fairly long. Part off a square section in the front (see the sketches). Arrange the roll under, as usual. Then comb front section to one side and back, braid, and catch in place with a bobby pin or small comb. Stays put, looks smooth.



AUTUMN 1946

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor

You needn't change the entire style to give your hair-do a strictly new look

A feather-cut can be so becoming. Mr. Leon suggests adding a surprise touch—softly swirled bangs. Instead of fluffing them up like the rest of the hair, just smooth them down. Have them cut to the most becoming length and then set so they lie prettily in a casual-looking curve over your forehead.



Yes, a shoulder-bob, but Mr. Leon twists a curl, adds a rosette, and gives a fresh effect. Instead of combing the top into the long back, make a round curl and fasten in place. Leave it standing out in a fat circle and tuck your ornament in the middle. Maybe you'd like a flower as a change from ribbon.



Want instructions on how to dress your hair in the three latest styles? Want to know exactly how to shampoo your hair, make pin curls, and roll a smooth pageboy as well as a professional? Our new leaflet *Be Your Own Hairdresser*, is full of tips, and is yours for a self-addressed, stamped, large-size envelope. Send your request, with the return envelope, to Good Looks Department 11, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Jane pulled Lady down to a trot and started triumphantly for the gate. Then she noticed the tall woman leaning on the fence beside Grant.



Crazy over HORSES



JANEY'S body sat in civics class, but her mind was far, far away. Automatically her eyes followed the teacher's chalk across the blackboard as he drew three large rectangles and labeled them: *Executive. Legislative. Judicial.*

But Janey was back in the middle of the summer—back in Westhope with her cousins. Again the gravel scrunched under her booted feet as she and her cousins ran down the long drive from the house to the stables. Again she saw Eddie, the stableboy, leading out the three shining horses, all saddled and ready for the early morning ride. Again she heard Golden Sun, the tall chestnut she had ridden all summer, whicker a soft welcome as he pushed his nose against her shoulder and watched with wise, dark eyes while she reached in her pocket for the bit of apple. She could still feel on the palm of her hand the velvet touch of his soft lips as he nuzzled the tidbit from her hand.

More clearly than the squeak of chalk on the blackboard, Jane could hear the muffled thud of hoofs as the horses picked their way down the narrow path behind the stables, the hollow clup-clup as they crossed the little plank bridge over the stream. "It isn't fair," she thought passionately, "that only very rich people can afford to own horses." She would cheerfully have wiped every automobile from the face of the earth, if only that would bring back the wonderful time when people all had horses of their own.

**When it came to horses—and the new boy in school
—Janey just wouldn't take "Whoa" for an answer**

By MARION HOLLAND

The teacher's voice droned on and on, but Janey was conscious of it only as a persistent buzzing in the distance, like the large flies that bumbled noisily around the stables she was dreaming about.

"... And finally, the Supreme Court, whose members are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Unlike the other judges we have mentioned, these nine men are not called by the title of Judge. They are called—who can tell the class?"

His questioning eye caught Janey's wide, intent gaze. "What do we call the members of the Supreme Court—Jane McGregor?"

"Horses," said Jane dreamily.

After school she paused at the door of the girls' locker room. She could hear the story being passed gleefully around by members of her civics class. Peggy's voice arose above the hubbub.

"Then she looked him right in the eye, and said, 'Horses!' Imagine!"

There were delighted and incredulous shrieks. Jane made her way unobserved to her locker.

"Oh, well," said Carol, in an indulgent tone, "you know Janey. She's crazy about horses."

"Crazy is right," whooped Peggy. "Hoof-and-mouth disease, I

call it. Honestly, gals, I'll bet she sleeps standing up and eats out of a nose bag. Every time she opens her mouth I expect to hear her shinny—or whatever it is that horses do! First thing you know, she'll be looking like a horse!"

Jane slammed her locker shut and stalked to the door. "I'd rather look like a horse than like some people I know," she said.

Carol would have walked home with her, but Jane brushed by and strode on alone, kicking at the bright leaves on the sidewalk. It was bad enough, she thought resentfully, not to be able to ride all winter long, or even to see any horses except the junkman's poor rickety animal. But she couldn't even talk about horses to any of her friends; either they thought she was bragging about her rich relatives, or they just didn't listen. Except Carol, good old Carol. And even she had finally said plaintively, "Look, let's not talk about horses any more. I'm scared of horses, sort of."

"Oh, no," Jane had cried. "Nobody could be scared of horses!"

"I could," Carol had replied with feeling. "I was on a horse once—a horse about a mile high!"

(Continued on page 86)

When the stars come
out to play in the Hollywood
sun, they shine on links and
courts, on beaches and bridle paths

By **MARY JORDAN**
Hollywood Editor

The SPORTS of STARS

Among those who head for snow-capped mountains on the slightest provocation is Ella Raines. Can't blame her for having her head turned—she's plenty good on skis.



That's Alan Ladd, one-time Pacific Coast diving champ, relaxing at a perilous angle. Yep, the Ladd has form!

CALIFORNIA offers a wide diversity of ways to play, and how your favorite movie stars indulge in them!

For Claudette Colbert, Bob Sterling, Ann Sothorn, Kurt Krueger, and others it's skiing that gets the vote. Ronald Reagan and Zachary Scott ski, too, but not in snow. They go in for water-skiing, a rather hair-raising sport.

Joan Caulfield is one of the few women who likes to fish. She contents herself with landing them from Santa Monica Pier or the surf. Dennis Morgan prefers fresh-water fishing. Vic Mature, Sonny Tufts, and Guy Madison go out for underwater spearing of abalone and lobster.

Sam Goldwyn, well-aware of Danny Kaye's passion for golf, installed a driving-range for Danny on one of the sound stages during the shooting of "The Private Life of Walter Mitty" so that a searching

When Bing Crosby tees off at the Lakeside Country Club, his fans lead the cheering. When he's matched against Bob Hope, it's a battle of wits—and niblicks.





Plenty of tennis practice in his own back yard has put Ray Milland in the near-champ class. By the looks of Ray, his opponent isn't going to get away with a thing!

party wouldn't have to be sent after him.

More than any single person, Sonja Henie has made ice-skating popular. Olivia de Havilland is one of those who's taken it up recently.

Whenever the hunting season's open, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Wally Beery, and dozens of other film stars anxiously review their picture commitments to see if they can manage a trip. Gary Cooper enjoys hunting so much he once went after big game in Africa.

Among those who have great interest in sailing are Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Eddie Albert, Margo, and Dick Powell. Jon Hall, George Sanders, and Sterling Hayden like to build their own boats as well as captain them.

Tennis, badminton, horseback-riding, archery, swimming are all popular. The stars like sports, but not all for fun—they keep in trim that way.

Champion swimmer Esther Williams plays beach ball before a plunge in the surf. Underwater fishing is another of her hobbies—only she can't bear to kill the fish.



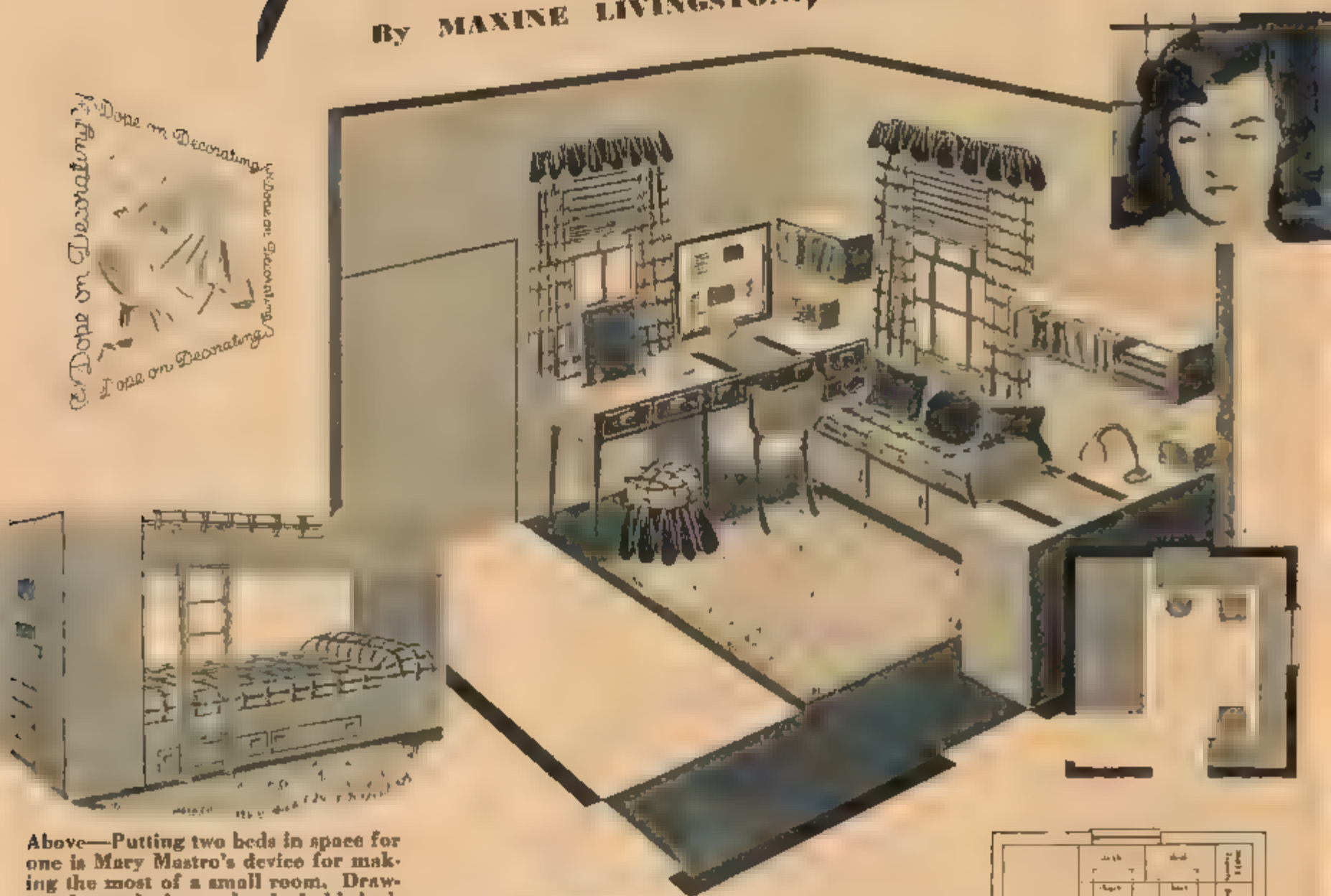
It's just as hard as it looks, this water-skiing Errol Flynn does. Towed by a motor-boat, he skims along at so fast a clip, even the sea turns white!

Below—With his bow and arrow, Patric Knowles could be a menace, but thank goodness, he uses a target, and doesn't go after Cock Robin.



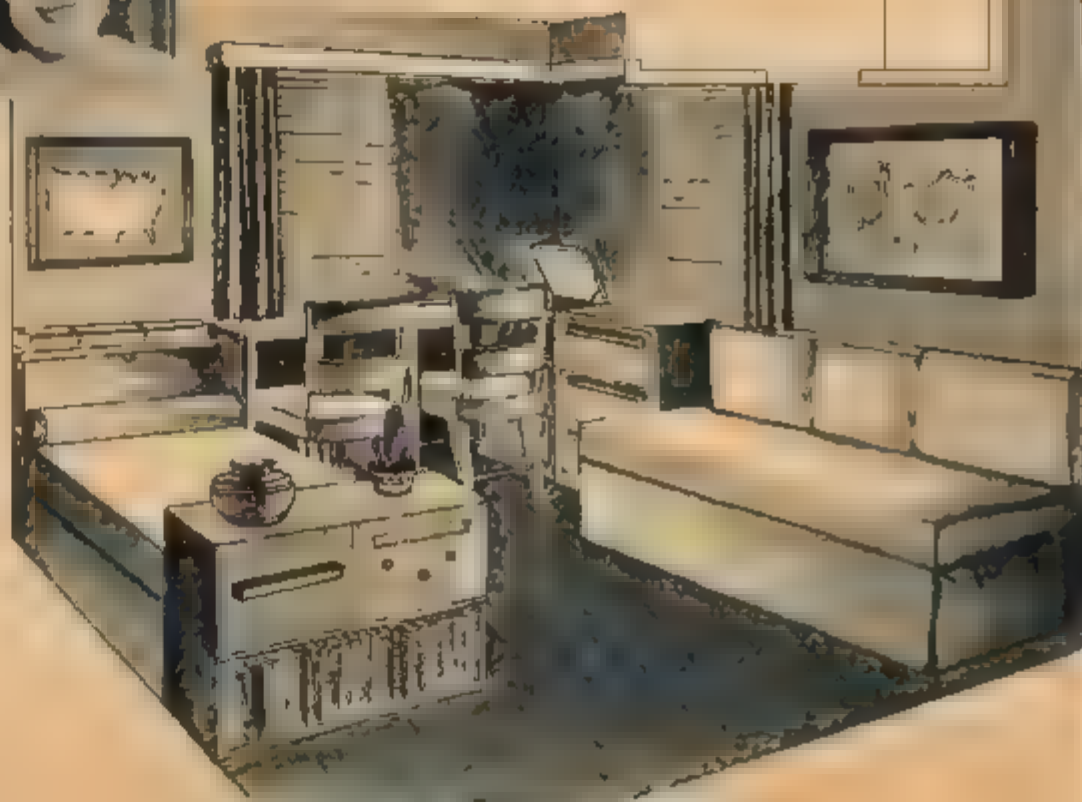
Forever Yours

By MAXINE LIVINGSTON, Decorating Editor



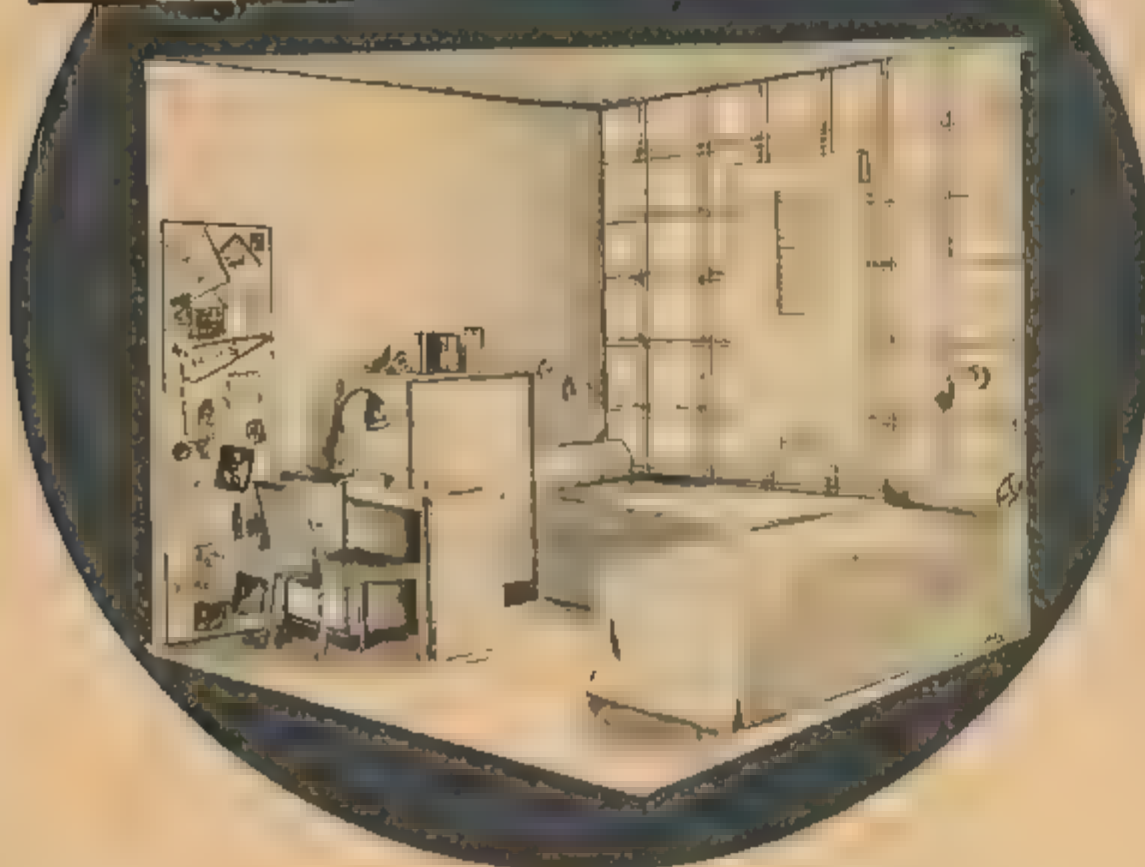
Above—Putting two beds in space for one is Mary Mastro's device for making the most of a small room. Drawers beneath lower bunk hold bedding; built-in wardrobes at foot of bunks has drawers, sliding trays, and adjustable shelves for girls' foldable clothing, hats, bags. A padded window seat under the window on the right wall accommodates visitors; sliding doors beneath it conceal games, hobbies, large books. Each girl has her own desk, bulletin board, and bookcase; the dressing table is shared. Clothes closet is directly across from the dressing table.

Right—Jane Cotton has combined effective lighting, large mirrors, and simple furnishings to create this restful, uncluttered room. Fluorescent tubes are installed behind the window cornices, beneath the bulletin board on the right wall, and over the head of left bed. Double desk is simple planklike affair easily built at home and tinted to match chests. A cedar chest might be substituted for the radio-bookcase unit if extra storage space were needed or wanted.





Left—To relieve the squareness of a 10' x 10' room, Henry C. Keeling papers one wall in cheerful plaid, paints the other three walls a harmonizing yellow. Solid-hued bedspreads, draperies, and carpeting help to create a restful atmosphere and give an illusion of greater space. By covering the closet door with cork, Henry provides a king-size pin-up board. Desk was designed with a drop-leaf extension which lifts up when both girls study at same time. Chest of drawers and dressing table (not shown) are shared by the sisters.



Below—Storage space is always a problem in planning a small room for two. Georgia Patterson thinks built-ins are the answer. A chest-bookcase-cupboard unit is installed at the head of each bed; drawers are tucked beneath the beds; and wall cabinets built over the desks to provide extra shelf space. Wall area below cabinets is covered by mirrors and bulletin boards so desks easily double as dressing tables. Flexible lamps are placed over each bed and tube lamps installed beneath the cabinets. Like the other rooms, this one, with a few small changes, is easily adaptable to a high-schooler, college co-ed, or working girl.

You'll live in your room for a long time so plan for now and for the future, too. Four young designers from Pratt Institute show you how

WILL you like your room as well in two or three years as you do now? Or will you find it inadequate and wholly out of keeping with your adult status as a college or business-school student or career girl? The answer depends on your far-sightedness—and we're not referring to your 20-20 rating, either, but to your ability to plan ahead.

We called on a group of clever young designers—second- and third-year students at the School of Interior Design, Pratt Institute—to plan rooms that will serve during sub-deb days and all through your school years, and practically up to the day when you leave the old homestead in a triumphant trail of white. Their assignment was to design a 10' x 10' room with windows on two walls, a clothes (Continued on page 74)



A black and white illustration depicting a scene from a story. A woman with dark, wavy hair, wearing a light-colored dress with a dark belt, stands in a doorway. She has a surprised or alarmed expression on her face, with wide eyes and an open mouth. Her hands are raised slightly. In the foreground, the face of a man is visible, looking towards the woman. He has dark hair and a mustache, and his expression is one of concern or surprise. The background shows a doorway and some furniture, including a chair and a table. The overall style is that of a classic comic book or pulp magazine illustration.

45

not be too good a place to be right now. Prickly fingers of fear crept up her spine, and suddenly she felt she couldn't breathe. It would be safer to get out of this shut-in tangle, into the wide, sunny meadow where the horses were grazing. Even if anyone should see her out there, there wasn't anything to connect her with what had taken place in the office recently.

Tom Somers did not know that Andy and she had been in the car with Ian. She'd be just a strange girl picking daisies (the field was white with them on this side), and taking a short cut across to wherever she was going.

She looked about her till she found a spot where the bushes grew more sparsely, and forced her way through. No one was in sight; only horses grazing in the fenced corner turned to watch her curiously. The thick shrubbery was between Liss and the office. She couldn't be seen from that quarter. She had only to keep her eyes ahead for somebody approaching from the stables, whose green roof she could see from where she stood, or from the house itself, still further away.

Idly, as if she had all the time in the world, she picked a handful of daisies and gay black-eyed Susans as she went along. With difficulty she curbed the nervous push inside her that ordered her to run instead of stroll naturally. From where she stood, she couldn't see anyone around the stables; but that didn't mean, of course, that nobody could see her.

At the end of the field there was a high wall of field stones. The Blue Valley stables made a three-sided enclosure right up to this, with the courtyard inside and several doors into the stable along the inner wall. No one was in sight here, either, and finally Liss summoned up enough courage to go inside.

Here she found herself in a wide, white-

washed corridor with empty box stalls on the far side.

At a door that led into a double box stall, Liss paused, and her eyes widened. Gold letters on it spelled *Blue Boy*. Under the name someone had tacked a homemade, stiff little rosette of black ribbon.

Liss felt her eyes fill. So this was where the famous Blue Boy had lived; here someone had planned to put him out of the great Maryland race, and had—according to Rick's father—miscalculated the dose administered.

Liss wondered who had pinned up that pathetic little black ribbon. Was it Ian, or one of the stableboys? Or even Johnnie himself, before he knew he was suspected?

On an impulse, she opened the stall door, and slipped inside.

"Johnnie didn't do it," she told herself fiercely. "If only it could be the way it is in books—then I'd find some sort of clue in here that would help prove the truth."

For the moment, she completely forgot Andy back in the office beside Ian waiting for help to arrive. Her mind was too full of Johnnie and his troubles even for fear on her own account. If someone, perhaps Tom Somers, should suddenly put in an appearance in

the stable, she'd have a sweet time trying to explain her presence in Blue Boy's stall.

She walked over to the hay-filled manger. How had Blue Boy been poisoned? Had the fatal dose been put in the hay he munched through the night, when the stable was deserted? "I know it's crazy, but . . ." she murmured, and moved closer, to run her hand vigorously through the tossed fodder.

As she'd known would be the case, her fingers found nothing. Almost instinctively, she probed deeper.

She uttered an exclamation of surprise, and drew back with something sharp and prickling clenched in her fingers. Looking down, she saw it was a gold scarf pin, such as men used to wear; as some men—the flashy type of dressers, she decided occasionally wore today. It was a big gold horseshoe, studded with diamonds—ostentatious, gaudy. Nothing that a boy like Johnnie Lindquist would have let himself be found dead wearing.

Liss stared down at it as it lay there so innocently on her palm, and felt her brain go spinning. Had she really found a clue—or was there some perfectly innocent explanation for its presence?

Abruptly footsteps sounded on the cement floor at the other end of the stable, and Liss scuttled out of the stall, and leaned, panting a little, against the door. If this should be Tom Somers . . . She tried, woodenly, to rack her brain for an excuse, and could think of nothing at all.

But as the steps drew nearer, she realized thankfully that this was a much taller and heavier person who was approaching. A moment more and she saw it was a fresh-faced, rather slow-moving youth, probably a groom. He saw Liss at the same instant.

"Were — were you looking for somebody, (Continued on page 79)



"I think I'll make Alvin jealous—by dreaming of Arnold tonight."

CALLING ALL GIRLS

This Is No Double-Talk

Your job as a citizen is the most important you'll ever have, and you teen-agers can work at it right now

By DANNY KAYE



THIS is where you come in, girls. The band's stopped playing, everyone's waiting to see what comes next—peace or what-have-you. The stage is set for peace, but this show is strictly up to the cast. We've all got to put on the best performance we can, or we'll have the biggest flop in history.

What I'm talking about is what *you* can do on that stage. How can you play your part as a good American citizen and make sure that we keep the peace a lot of swell guys fought for?

Oh, I'm not going to pull a long face and throw a lecture at you. Not me! But if I know teen-agers (and I do know you and think you're swell) you have a serious side, too. Well, so has the "kid from Brooklyn," believe it or not. Lots of entertainers do. They're a little shy about showing it, that's all. And just between you and me, it's easier to walk out into the glare of the footlights, sing a few songs and pull a funny face or two, than it is to get some of these serious things off your chest.

But I've done a good deal of thinking about this business of being a good citizen. Traveling around entertaining the boys in the Pacific, visiting places like Hiroshima and seeing what the atom bomb can do, makes a fellow wonder how he can help to make this the last war. So—if I can put in a plug for peace or use my influence to back up the guys who are on the side of democracy, I don't see any reason why I shouldn't speak up. Agree?

Maybe you think, "That's all right for Danny Kaye. He's over" (*Continued on page 94*)

Left—Danny Kaye's genius for getting the laughs got the breaks when he met Sylvia, his wife. She writes laugh-lines, and Danny's an artist at putting 'em over. He's at his best when he has an audience.

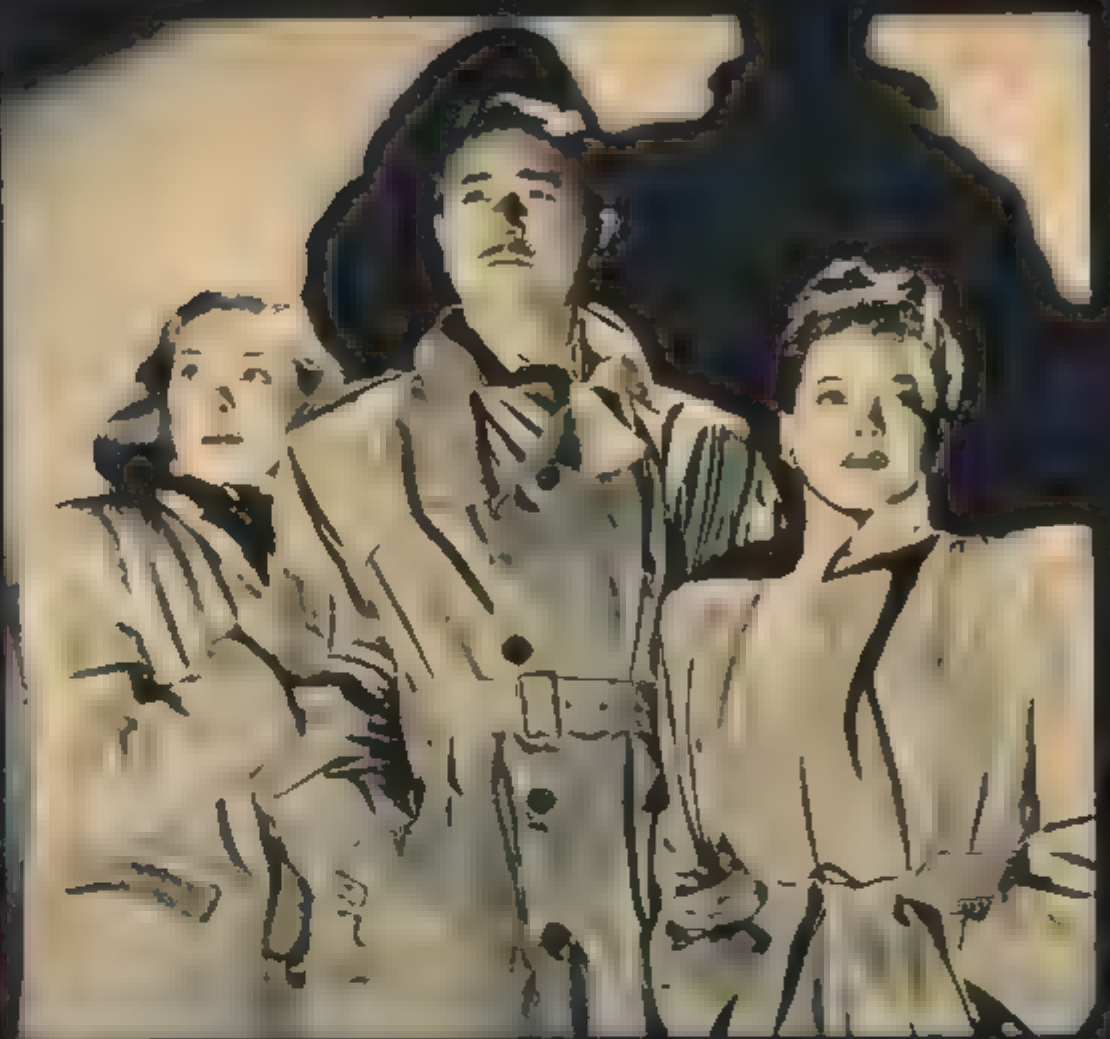
Below—In a mass interview Danny told New York high-schoolers how he became top funnyman. He gave them some serious talk, too. His latest movie is Samuel Goldwyn's "The Kid from Brooklyn."



MOVIES that MATTER

Selected by ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor

THE SEARCHING WIND is as timely today as "Waka Island" was in 1942, for now our destinies are in the brief cases of the diplomats instead of in the courage and skill of our fighting men. The film tells the story of a well-meaning ambassador (Robert Young) who guessed wrong in all the crises which led to World War II. It pleads for bold, clear thinking in forming our present international policy. Ann Richards and Sylvia Sydney are starred with Mr. Young in this movingly acted film. (Para.)



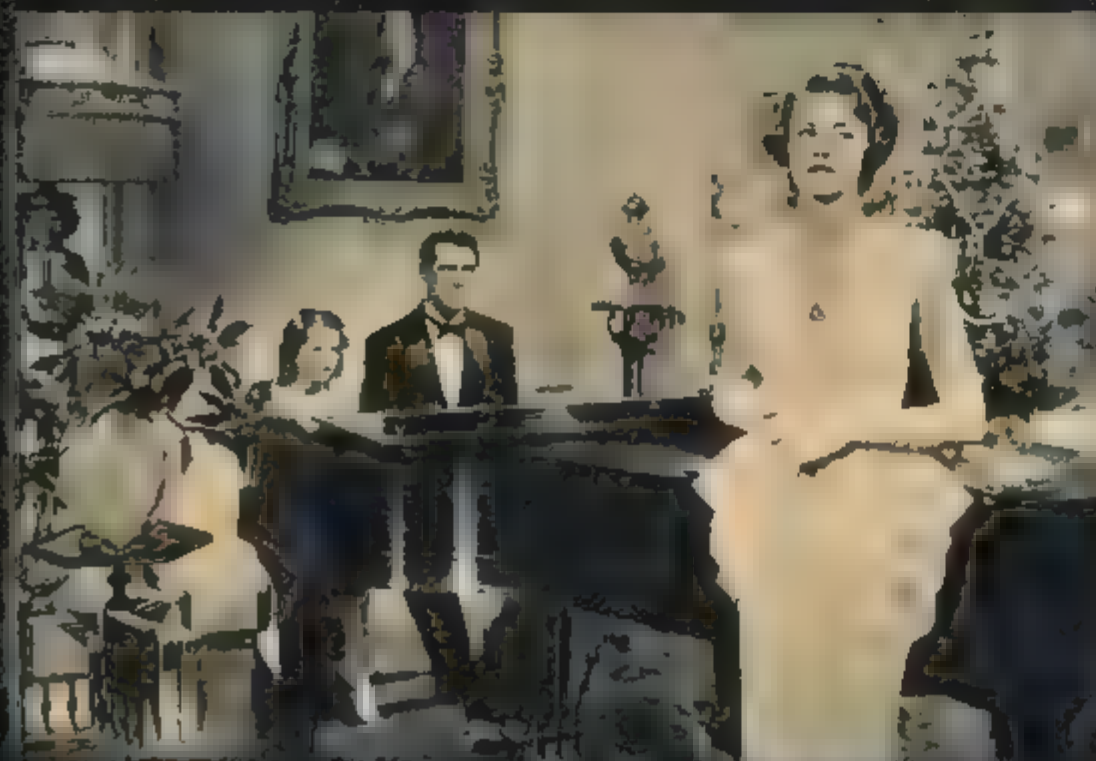
THE STRANGER (below) is also a nudge to our wadding sense of national danger. Because we won the war we are inclined to suppose that Nazi and Fascist sympathizers in America are now all good American citizens. In this film Orson Welles is a popular history teacher in a small New England town who marries the daughter of a Supreme Court Justice, played by Loretta Young. Until a member of the War Crimes Commission tracks him down, only the audience knows that he is a Nazi mass murderer. (International)





CENTENNIAL SUMMER Was so many delights in the happiest summer you ever spent. There's Cornal Wilde trying to decide which sister he loves—Joanna Greer or Linda Darnell; amusing costumes; and a family of wonderful zany who have the time of their lives at the Philadelphia Exposition. Photographed in Technicolor. (20th C-Fox)

NIGHT AND DAY Is the film biography of Cole Porter, played by Cary Grant. The title song, "Begin the Beguine," "Old Fashioned Garden," "Do I Love You?"—and the mention made of his music, to forecast a film of charm and reminiscence. (Warner)



ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM is resplendent with court dress, exotic with Far Eastern dances and rites, exciting with conflict between ancient barbarism and the modern world, and smoldering with deftly played clashes between Rex Harrison as the king and Irene Dunne as the English governess who teaches him how to rule first himself, then his people. (20th C-Fox)



CANYON PASSAGE is Deke Anderson's big Technicolor Western that we've been looking forward to. In his first film of the West he was banged, but he says better luck this time and even gets the girl, Susan Hayward, who is engaged to Brian Donlevy when the picture begins. Tough competition, but Deke has a way of brushing it over so determinedly aside. (United)

SPECTER OF THE ROSE is a beautiful ballet, as even Kirov and Viola Eason exquisitely prove. A suspenseful film about a half-mad dancer is built around it. (Rep.)



Picnic-Fire FAVORITES

Yep, it's hamburgers, two to one—or maybe you'd better count on three or four per appetite when you grill this extra-super kind out of doors

By JANE RICHARDS
Food Editor

IF you're going to eat it out in the open, you won't have to ask the Gallup poll what to feed them. Oh, there'll be a few who holler for hot dogs—but given a choice, it's hamburger most every time. And if your hamburgers are really tops, the day is made. So here's a whole fistful of hamburger lore, and the best of it—well, it's like the secret papers in the brief case the general wore chained to his wrist, or the map that tells where the gold is buried. The restaurant it was sleuthed from charges \$2.50 for a single hamburger, it's *that* good! And you don't have to tell either!

So—buy the best beef you can come by and have it ground for you. Top sirloin, if the butcher has

it, is ideal. It doesn't cost much more and the flavor is super. Figure four people to the pound, unless they are absolutely mammoth eaters. This allows for two fat or four thin hamburgers each.

When you get it home, put it in a big bowl and break the cake open with a fork. From here out, the light touch is important because if the meat is packed tight it makes hard, tough hamburgers. So keep it in loose pieces as you mix it instead of trying to stir it all together, and work in the

secret ingredients by lifting the meat from the bottom of the bowl and sprinkling a little at a time till they're all in.

First comes salt. No secret, you say, but most hamburgers don't have enough. Allow 1 teaspoon to a pound, and sprinkle well. Next comes parsley, chopped fine, and again 1 teaspoon to a pound. Then—sh—lemon juice, 1 tablespoon to a pound and when that is well distributed, the same amount of thin cream. The lemon juice does something absolutely unbelievable to the beef flavor, and the thin cream makes the cakes hold together better, without stiffening them as egg or bread crumbs or any of that gup is pretty likely to do.

(Continued on page 93)



Sizzling hot, brown and crusty on the outside, and a hot bun to wrap it in—man, that's eating!



GOOD FOR GIGGLES



"Mother, may I try on the better girls' dresses!"

CALLING ALL GIRLS



"I wish he'd learn to save his money. We have a date Saturday night."



"Do you have a card that congratulates a girl who was asked to be taken to a prom by six fellows?"



"This is a fine time to break our date! You might have tried to open your penny bank sooner!"



"All I said was—come on over, and we'll play house."

JABBERWOCKY and JIVE

I'LL TAKE VANILLA

The ads showed lovely golden tans,
And tennis stars with strong back-
hands;
Fearless divers, horseback thrills,
But all this gave me was the chills.

I didn't want to be a goon,
So during May and even June,
I practiced hard and asked for
more;
My heels got blisters, my muscles
sore.

Now August's here and skies are
blue,
Each gal has got a man or two;
A rugged athlete who knows each
game,
Who picks his gal for her sports
fame.

But Elmer and I are quite a team,
He's sad sack, too, on the sport
scene,
We pick up the balls and clean the
stable,
And cheer on the sidelines when
we're able.

The moral is: If you're like me,
Gain your fame under an old
shade tree.

FROM THE CLASSICS

Morons are always with us, so here
goes! Didja hear about the little
moron WHO

Tied a parachute on his back so he
wouldn't go into a tail spin?
Hung himself by the strap in the
subway so he could keep his chin
up?

Swallowed a motor so he wouldn't
be a drag?
Had his bed rebuilt because he got
out on the wrong side?
Cut off his hands because his
sleeves were too short?
Ate uranium and got atomic ache?

MOVIE DAFFIES

Gilda—Combustible glamma gal.
Adventure—Saturday night date.
Leave Her to Heaven—Jealous
wench.

Heartbeat—Same.

Make Mine Music—Turn on the
jive.

The Kid from Brooklyn—Kaye-o
guy.

Spellbound—State of heart when
you see an H-man.

P.A.R.T.—The Postman Always
Rings Twice when you write
promptly.

Tarzan—Muscle hustle.

The Dark Corner—Where you stay
away from.

Sentimental Journey—A date with
your O.A.O.

Cry Wolf—Need we say more?

Pardon My Past—Let's kiss and
make up.

Tomorrow Is Forever—Exam day.

QUEST

I read the Declaration,
I swallowed every line,
Life, liberty, and happiness,
It sounded very fine.

I'm very much alive, I know,
And free to turtle-dove;
But where's the object of my joy
I can go in pursuit of?

ADD TO YOUR DICTIONARY

Gossip—You don't believe every-
thing you hear, but you do repeat it.

Gloom—Goon in gloom.

H-Man—Hubba male.

Shine—An attention-attractor.

Death watch—Alarm clock.

Appoint—Boring end of a thumb-
tack.

Heavy sugar—Folding money.

Chirp—Kiss.

Appeal—What you take off an
apple.

Carbon copies—Identical twins.

Slip the parchment—Write a
letter.

Debate—The worm on the end of
the hook.

Quirk—Jerk.

We're oh-so-Como about the daffy-
nisms which keep a-comin' from you-
all! So how's about sending more of
them in to the Jabberwocky and Jive
Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt
Ave., New York 17, N. Y. We can't play
postman to return or acknowledge your
gems, nor can we give out with the moo-
la if we use them. But here's your chance
to SHINE in print. So send them in.



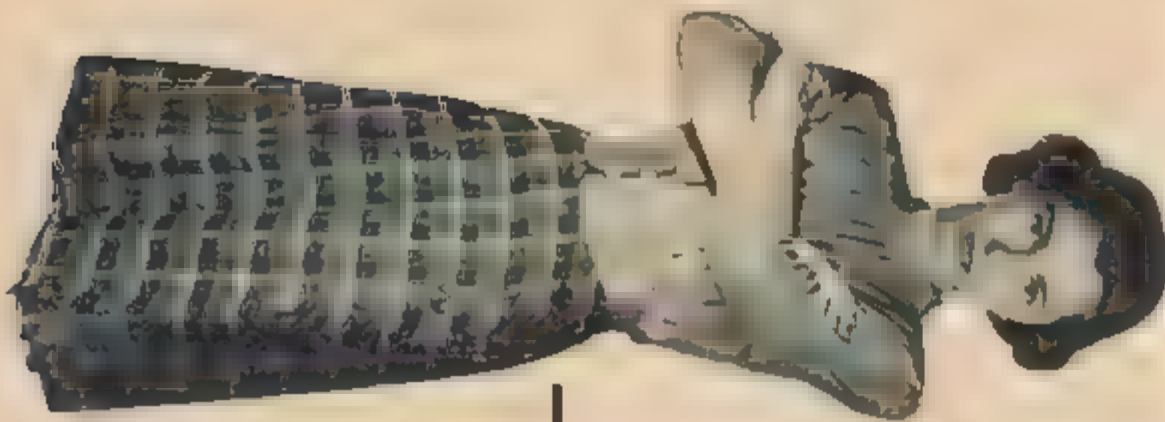
"Here I went and bought all this ribbon to tie up his
love letters with—and all he ever does is phone."

CALLING ALL GIRLS



*Flared, high-rise skirt.
Make it in Botany flannel; add
a King Fashionable belt.
Simplicity Pattern 1436,
sizes 10 to 16, 15¢.*

*Long-sleeved to make in
spun rayon check; top with a bow.
Simplicity Pattern 4762,
sizes 10 to 16, 15¢.*



*Wrap-around, fringed
kiltie skirt with Vogue's wide
corselet belt. Simplicity Pattern
1497, comes in sizes
10 to 16, 15¢.*

*Turtleneck jersey blouse,
bracelet sleeves. Simplicity Pattern
1496, sizes 10 to 16, 15¢.*



*New dirndl skirt
with unpressed pleats. King Fashion-
able belt. Simplicity
Printed Pattern 1575,
sizes 24 to 32, 25¢.*

*Jewelry-neckline jersey
blouse for accessorizing Simplicity
Pattern 1542, sizes 12 to 20, 25¢.*

SEW

AND

KNIT

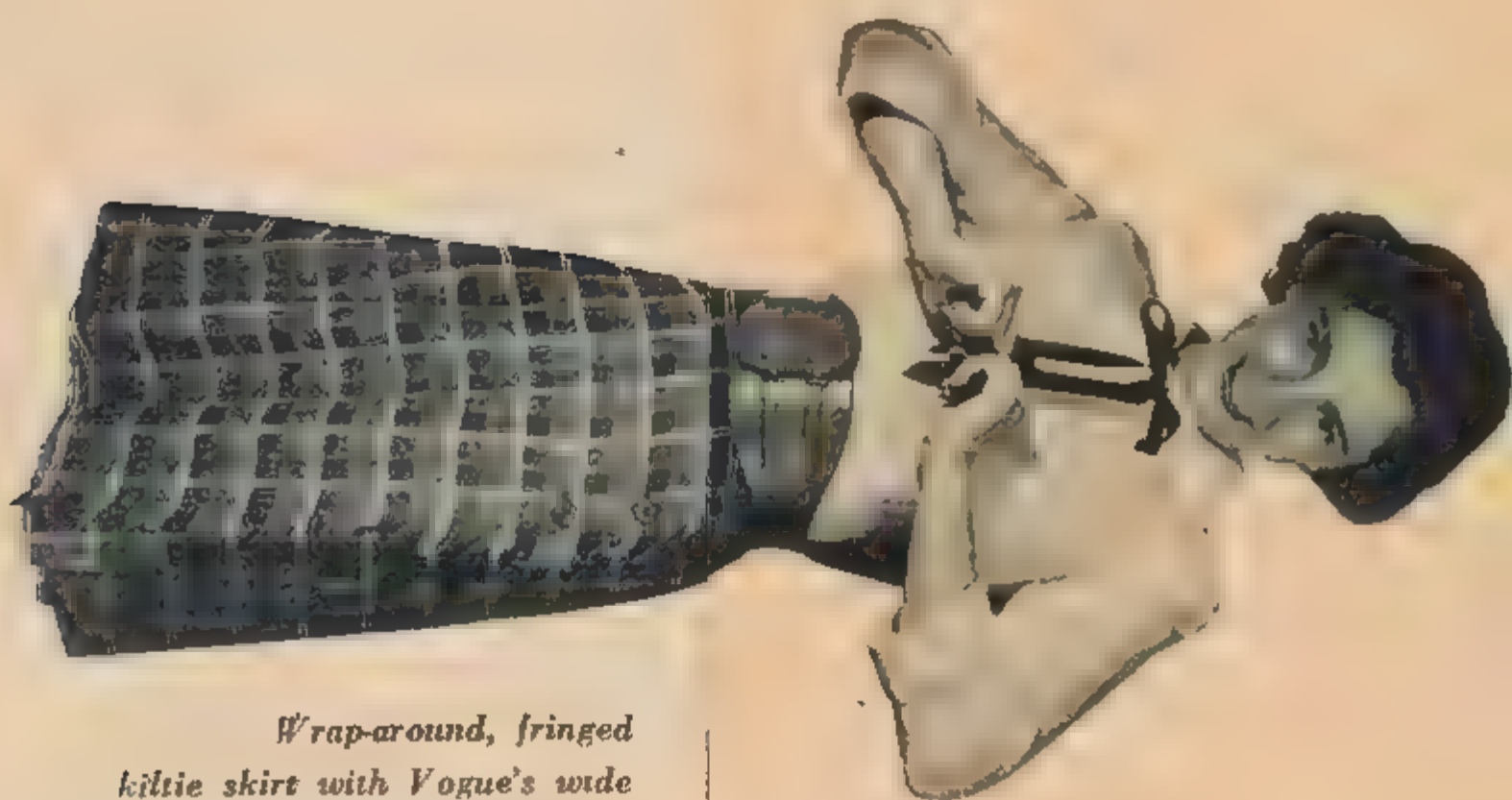
**Obtain Simplicity Patterns
from your local
dealers, or send cash to
Patterns, Calling All Girls,
52 Vanderbilt Ave.,
New York 17, N. Y.**



*Flared, high-rise skirt.
Make it in Botany flannel; add
a King Fashionable belt.
Simplicity Pattern 1436,
sizes 10 to 16, 15¢.*

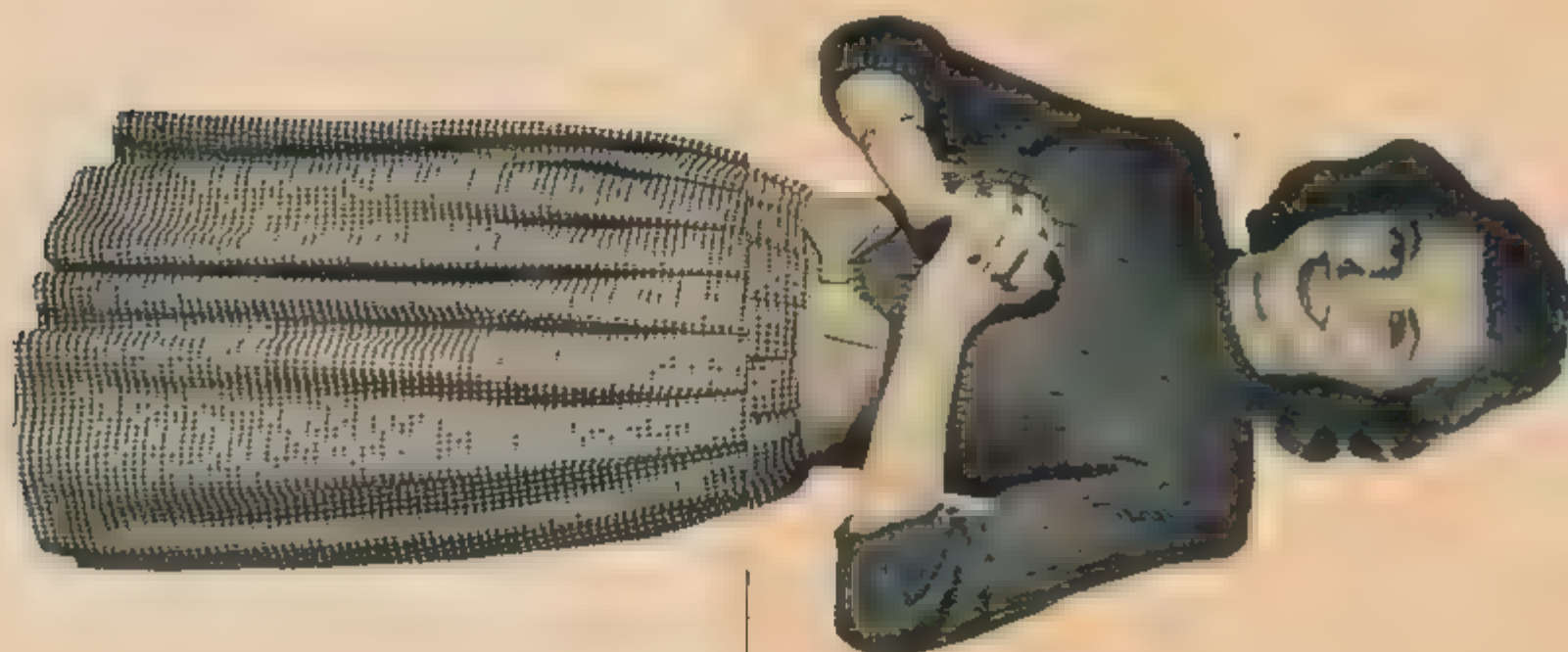
For Sweater-Blouse knitting instructions, send large-size, stamped, self-addressed envelope to Needle Nudgers, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

*Above—Knit a sweater
with button-on contrasting sleeves.
Have other sleeve changes.*



*Wrap-around, fringed
kiltie skirt with Vogue's wide
corselet belt. Simplicity Pattern
1497, comes in sizes
10 to 16, 15¢.*

*Knit a sweater blouse
with back-fastening, bracelet sleeves,
Peter Pan collar.*



*New dirndl skirt
with unpressed pleats. King Fashion-
able belt. Simplicity
Printed Pattern 1575.
sizes 24 to 32, 25¢.*

*Jewelry neckline sweater
blouse in new stitch. All of
Chadwick Red Heart wool.*

fold here →

Let's Talk Things Over

with ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

My best girl-friend is always breaking a date with me in order to keep one with her boy-friend. We have fun when we're together or on double dates, but I want her to know I don't approve of her practice of playing me as second fiddle. How can I tell her without hurting her feelings?
—Betty G., aged 15, Michigan.

NO DOUBT Betty would agree that dates are usually made with the understanding that they may be changed in case some unforeseeable emergency occurs. By and large, all our appointments should be taken seriously and should be honored to the best of our ability, but some dates are made more casually than others—particularly those we make with friends we get together with frequently.

When it comes to that one item, dates and Dates, we knew some girls who decided among themselves that if a boy should ask any one of them for a date, she would try to postpone or change a date previously made with one or more girls. The girls in this particular crowd just said frankly to one another, "A girl can always date another girl, but she usually has to wait for a boy to ask her." If Mary Jane has agreed to practice a new dance step, listen to records, take a walk, or do homework with Janet Sue, it does seem reasonable that Mary Jane should be able to ask Janet Sue if she'd mind if John's invitation were accepted on a given night and the girls' plans be postponed to another. Chances are that Janet Sue would rise to the occasion with a hearty, "Sure thing. Have fun. See you Thursday instead," and expect her pal to do likewise, come a nice special-event date into her own life.

On the other hand, if a girl made a practice of treating a friend in the "second-fiddle" manner Betty describes, never taking girl-dates seriously, and only deigned to see another girl when no boys were around, she would not deserve to have friends, girls or boys, would she? We hope that Betty was exaggerating a bit when she used that little word "always" in describing her friend's practice of breaking dates.

Some engagements just cannot be broken. In any event, the girls might do well to talk this matter over and come to a clearer understanding of what they have a right to expect of one another in the matter of courtesy and fair play. Of course, it's often a nice solution for a girl-friend's young man to find a double date for the occasion, so that a pal like Betty could be included, but that isn't always possible or practical!

The other evening I had a class party at my home. Only girls were there. I sing pretty well, so I sang a solo. Mother began what I thought was bragging. It made me feel bad, so I left the room. In a few minutes, I came back into the room. A girl turned toward me and then began laughing, so I left the room again. What can I do? Things like this make me feel hurt. I can't seem to help myself.—Claire A., Ohio,

IT IS easy to see that Claire might be embarrassed by her mother's boasting. But at the same time, Claire is fortunate that her mother takes pride in her. However, when her mother praises her excessively in front of her friends, Claire might laugh it off. For instance, she might answer with, "Oh, you are just saying that, Mother, so I'll help wash all those dishes!" Or, "Oh, you tell that to *all* your daughters!" Her friends will laugh with her to show their appreciation not only of her talents, but also of her good sportsmanship and ready sense of humor. It should comfort Claire to remember that her pals, too, occasionally must handle their parents' pride in them.

Claire's mother may be overdoing her praises because she is afraid Claire shows too much shyness and humility. Modesty and humility are great virtues. But there is also such a thing as false modesty. Claire should be able to acknowledge merit and capability herself, too.

It would be fine if Claire could join a high school choral group or a glee club, if she could sing at church or take part in a musicale. Then she would not feel singled out, but would experience confidence and success

(Continued on page 78)



Even Venus would
need more than that,
my Pet!

SURE, HONEY, that fragrant bubble bath will make you feel like a goddess. But to *stay* on your pedestal—to keep your daintiness from fading after the bath—the word is Mum!

It's a wise chick who remembers that her bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum guards against risk of *future* underarm odor.

With Mum you play safe. You play fair with your friends.

So take 30 seconds to smooch on Mum. Half a minute and you're protected, all day or evening. Your fresh-from-the-bath appeal marks you as a girl who is nice to be near.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum won't irritate your skin or injure fine fabrics. Mum won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Quick, safe, sure—you can use Mum even *after* you're dressed. Get a jar of Mum today.

MUM HELPS TO MAKE A MISS A HIT



When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS

have your fling in SCOTCH STRIPES



Hoot, mon—Clan colors in Stripes, instead of Plaids, on white-ground wool by Forge Mills! Top, box-pleated skirt, about \$8, with Highland Fling jerkin, about \$6. Crystal Gazer Sportsters by Sandler. Center, soft, belted skirt, about \$8, with Bonnie Lassie's turtle-neck, short-sleeve sweater. Imp cap by Jaunty Jil, black and white saddles by Spalding. Bottom, fire-red blazer, about \$15, with box-pleat striped skirt. Two-Time Jil cap by Jaunty Jil. Desco's very new Ballet Booties. Scotch Stripe fall fashions by Joan Lord at most of the Official Headquarters Stores listed on page 98.



SMART SHOPPER



smarter fashions— smoother feet

- You certainly couldn't wear messy saddles and sloppy bobby socks with smooth blouse and skirt outfits like this one by Gail Berk. Marjorie Burton matches her patent belt with patent sling-back wedgies, Teen Age by Buster Brown. Her bow-tied shirt and jersey dirndl are Fall Trends with a capital T.

ballet themes

continue in fall sueded. Left, wear with socks or stockings. Right open front suede. Both Polly Debs.

wedgies for fall

in colorful leathers. Left to right, Desco's Ballet Bootie, exciting new version of this season's popular hit, sandal type by Kickerina, tricky sling back by Joe Teens.

center seam dreams

in your favorite flat heels. Open toe, strap back style by Carmelleto. Alligator grain as a change from suede, Teen Age by Buster Brown. Dog Ear suede with stitching, Sportster by Sandler. Last two with socks or stockings.

"Oh...this one we want!"



**Snapshots are always fun to make . . .
fun to see . . . fun to share**

Snapshots stretch moments of fun into years. Your friends love to see pictures of themselves and people they know—and it's always fun to give them extra prints. Share prints . . . and you make a close friend closer.

Making snapshots is so easy. Anyone can do it. It's simple to insert the film, frame your subject, and "click." Use Kodak Verichrome Film. You press the button—it does the rest . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



**America's favorite snapshots are
made on Kodak Verichrome Film
—in the familiar yellow box**



Kodak Vigilant
Smart and simple

Has a nose for accuracy One of the many exciting cameras in the famous Kodak line Anastigmat lens for precise, sharp pictures. Shoots 8 album-size snaps. At the moment, supplies are limited, but more are on the way. Keep in touch with your Kodak dealer

Kodak

Hair Highlights—Bangle braids are the newest and latest fad. When you braid your hair, put a few bangle bracelets on each braid, turn the braid under and pin it in place. It's an attractive ornament for your hair and puts you ahead of the crowd.—*Shirley Jasper, Worcester, Mass.* Absolutely the last word in headbands is the how-to-win-friends-and-influence-people idea of putting photos of your pals on a plain ribbon. Liquid thread or heavy glue should do the trick of pasting 'em on, but

TRICKS for TEENS



Double Face—The latest in the department of identification is personalized mirrors. Just take your favorite snapshot of yourself, cut it to fit the back of the mirror in your purse, and glue the picture on. While you look at you in the front part of the mirror, you look at others from the other side. Comin' and goin', aren't you?—*Eileen Whalen, St. Louis, Mo.*

Lazy Elbows—So you don't have to make like a pump when the strap of your over-the-shoulder bag keeps slipping and sliding, take one of those nifty silver barrettes and slip it through the shoulder of your coat. Catch the strap of the bag in it before you close the barrette. That will take care of the elbow exercise. But for a neater effect, balance the arrangement by putting the other barrette on the other shoulder.—*Ann Petersen, Brighton, Mass.*

if you're really very clever with your fingers, you might blanket-stitch carefully around the edge of the pix with contrasting ribbon.—*Verla Johnson, Polson, Mont.* Mom's gadgets are everybody's gadgets these days. Now the lowly clothespin goes to your head. Two or more ordinary pins, colored with nail polish or paint are "très très" and "too too" as fasteners for your pig-tails or as a barrette for your long bob. They really keep the wool out of your eyes.—*Margarita Guerra, Rio Grande City, Tex.*

Make It Do—So you've outgrown your last year's house coat? Well, don't be discouraged. Measure it off to knee length, cut off the surplus, hem it, and presto! you have a grand brunch coat that's right in style.—*Iris Lou Frederick, Altoona, Pa.*

Sun Fun—Last year's sun glasses can be given a new lease on life if you paint the rims with a gay nail polish. Then, while the polish is still wet, scatter sequins around the edges. They will stick to the glasses when the polish is dry. Gay and attractive specs these are, and they'll go bootifully with everything you wear.—*Emily Rose Bailey, Lenoir City, Tenn.*

Simple Scents—Didja ever try cutting up blotting paper squares and sprinkling them with your favorite cologne or perfume? They make grand sachets and cost so little that you can scatter them throughout your bureau drawers. Blot-sachets last a long time, too.—*Joyce Fletcher, Yorkshire, England.*

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

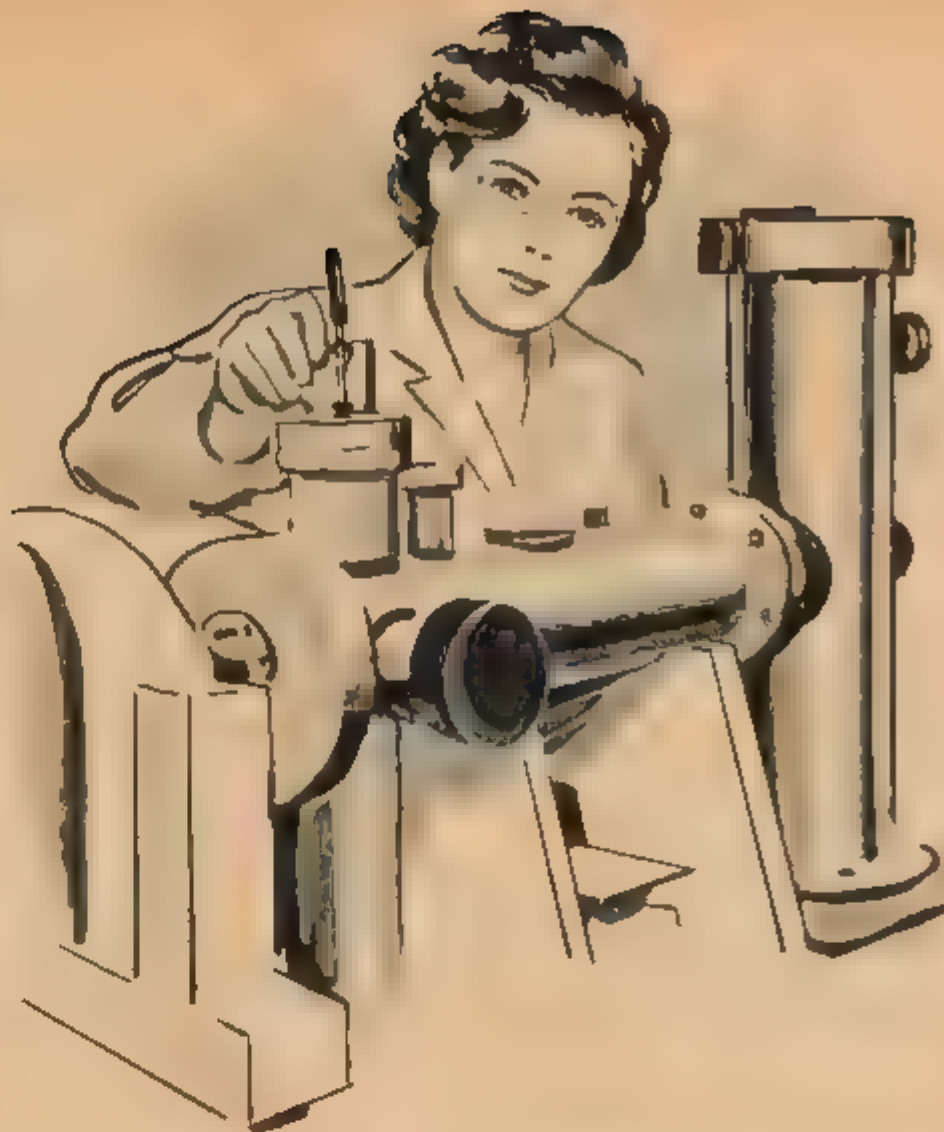
We want new and different trick. Every girl has bright ideas! What are yours? Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address: Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of Calling All Girls. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

ELECTRON PHOTOGRAPHER

*The Story of
Eileen Alessandrini*

• One of the most unusual photograph albums in existence is the one that Eileen Alessandrini has compiled of her electron diffraction pictures. These photographs actually show the patterns made when electrons bounce off atoms! By taking these pictures she is able to reveal the fundamental structure of the surface layers of a metal or its coating, showing impurities when they exist and giving technicians data to determine what they are.

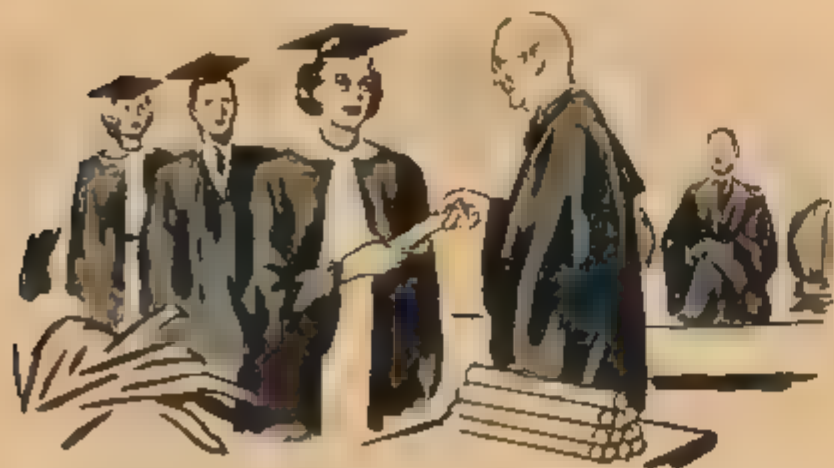
Of special interest is a process which Eileen developed for taking films at high temperatures so that the reactions of extreme heat on minute pieces of metal can be recorded—while that heat is still being applied. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



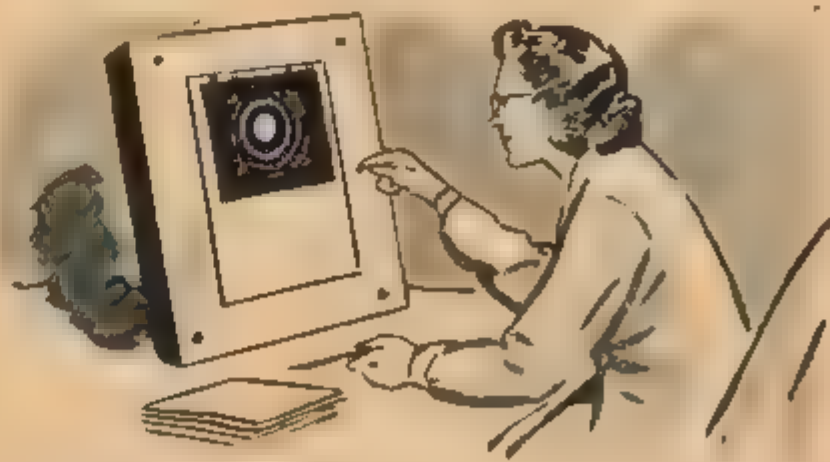
A native of Schenectady, Eileen had an early interest in science, conducting her experiments with a home chemistry set. But sports were a strong rival for her time—skiing, skating, and swimming.



In college she kept up with her sports, competing in tennis tournaments and playing golf. There she started toward the work she is doing at G.E. by developing and printing her own pictures.



She graduated from Barnard in 1943. Majoring in zoology, minoring in chemistry and physics, she received a B.A. degree with a certificate in science.



Joining the G.E. Research laboratory shortly after graduation, she is now taking pictures of the "invisible" by shooting a ray of electrons through a thin film of the metal under examination.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

MEDAL FOR MUMS

(Continued from page 21)

Mary Jo would not admit any difficulties. After all, she wasn't going to discuss Mums in front of the kids. She smiled at Tuck's concerned face and shook her head.

"No trouble, Tucky. Just pure bliss. We should do this more often."

"Now you're talking," agreed Tuck.

"We'd already decided before you got here, Mary Jo," Mac chimed in.

"Once a week on Fridays," said Kit.

"And who do you suppose is first goat?" Flossie wagged a finger.

"Not me?" Mary Jo was dismayed.

"You," Tuck assured her. "Good old you." He folded Mary Jo's hand in his. "Come on, wench. I'll walk you home. Fudge's all gone."

He led Mary Jo out the back door and down the sidewalk.

"You're not fooling me, Mary Jo Wagner," Tuck was mockingly fierce.

"Something's bothering you, and you might as well tell Pappy."

"Pappy, yet?" laughed Mary Jo.

"Sure, Pappy—when you're in trouble. Come on, now, spill it to Papa. Is it having the gang at your house first?"

Mary Jo chewed her lip thoughtfully. "No, it isn't having the gang first, or last. It's having the gang, period."

"Well, my gosh!" Tuck disbelievably stared at her. "Don't you like the kids?"

"Sure I like the kids," Mary Jo replied indignantly. "But can't you see that things are different at my house?"

Tuck's puzzled look was answer enough.

"Well, golly, Tuck, the other kids' mothers are home all the time."

"So what?" Tuck demanded.

"So when it comes to planning a thing like this, I feel so all alone."

"All alone, my foot."

Tuck scoffed. "In the first place, this isn't a banquet Friday. And in the second place, you've got twice the help Flossie and TwoGees have. Your mother'd do anything for you, and you've got Martha besides. Your mother's swell, and so's your housekeeper."

Tuck peered down through the dusk at Mary Jo's troubled face. "My gosh, you're not sore at your mother, are you? I mean, just because she can write ads better than she can wash dishes? There's nothing to get sore at her about. She can't help it. Some women are talented at

keeping house, and some do better at other stuff. It isn't their fault. You gotta do what you gotta do.

"What do you care, anyhow? Your mother's a swell person—always looks nice, always knows what to talk about with the gang, and dances better than anybody I ever saw—for her age, I mean. I should think you'd be proud of her." Tuck continued to stare at Mary Jo. "Why, you're not proud of her. You're—Mary Jo!—you're jealous of her. Jealous of your own mother."

"I am not!" Mary Jo tore her hand from Tuck's grasp. "I am not! I just think she ought to stay home and settle down. And you don't have to be so all-fired fatherly, either. I didn't ask for your advice."

"Don't worry," said Tuck. "You've heard the last of it—if that's the way you feel."

Mary Jo banged into the house, and Mums and Dad left their discussion hanging in mid-air. Law or copywriting. Mary Jo wondered how Mums could be so interested in law cases and Dad in copywriting.

"I'm terribly sorry about today," Mums said, forcing a smile to her tired face. "Did you and TwoGees enjoy the matinee?"

"We didn't go," Mary Jo replied woodenly. "TwoGees couldn't have got into town in time."

"But, honey, you could have left her ticket at the box office. She wouldn't have missed more than a tiny bit of the first act," Mums protested.

"Well, we didn't go," said Mary Jo

defiantly. "I didn't want to, anyway."

"What did you do with the tickets?" Dad asked. "Tear 'em up?"

"Yes, I did," Mary Jo was still defiant.

Dad laughed. "Hope you enjoyed that little gesture three dollars and sixty cents' worth. Three-sixty is what you'd have got back at the box office, you know, if you'd turned them in."

Before Mary Jo could reply, Martha announced dinner.

"Good!" Mums was enthusiastic. "I'm starved. Hope you're having something good, Martha."

TwoGees' mother would know exactly what her family was having for dinner, Mary Jo reflected angrily. She'd know because she'd have bought it and cooked it. Mums didn't know from one day's end to the next what was in the house.

Dinner was a silent meal, as far as any contribution from Mary Jo went. Not until Martha brought in angel food for dessert did she stir.

"How about making one of these for the gang, Martha?"

"Sure," Martha replied agreeably. "When?"

"And why?" asked Mums.

"We decided to get together one night a week to sort of brush up on our dancing," Mary Jo explained. "I'm elected for next Friday. I tried to get out of it."

"Sounds like fun," Mums offered.

Dad nodded agreement. "Why try to get out of it?"

"Only not next Friday," Martha stated. "At least, not for one of my angel foods."

"Glory, that's right!" Mums exclaimed. "You're taking a long week end to visit your sister, aren't you?"

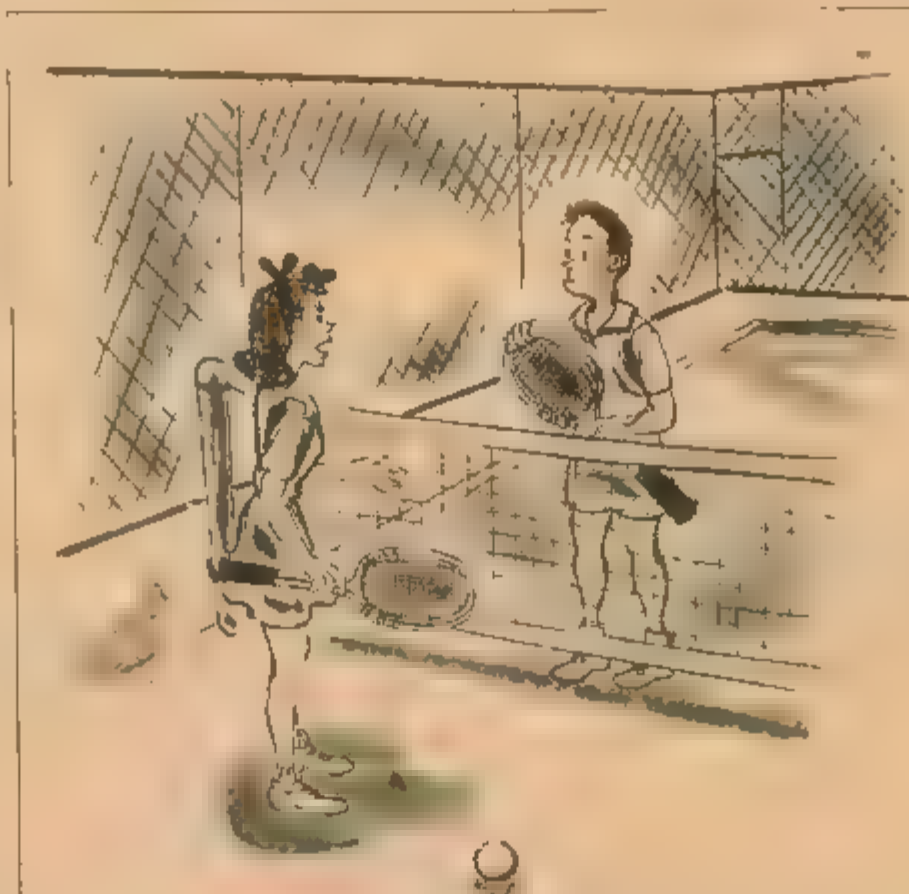
"Yes, I leave Wednesday night."

"Oh, oh," groaned Dad. "That's five restaurant dinner I'll have to buy. Martha, Martha, why do you have to have a sister? Or why didn't I marry a good cook?"

Martha giggled, and only Mums knew that the thought behind Mary Jo's resentful frown was, "Yes, why didn't you?"

Martha smiled apologetically at Mary Jo, and Mums reached around the table to pat her hand. "After all, honey, the kids'll live without angel food this once. We'll get something nice from the bakery."

"I wanted angel food—homemade angel

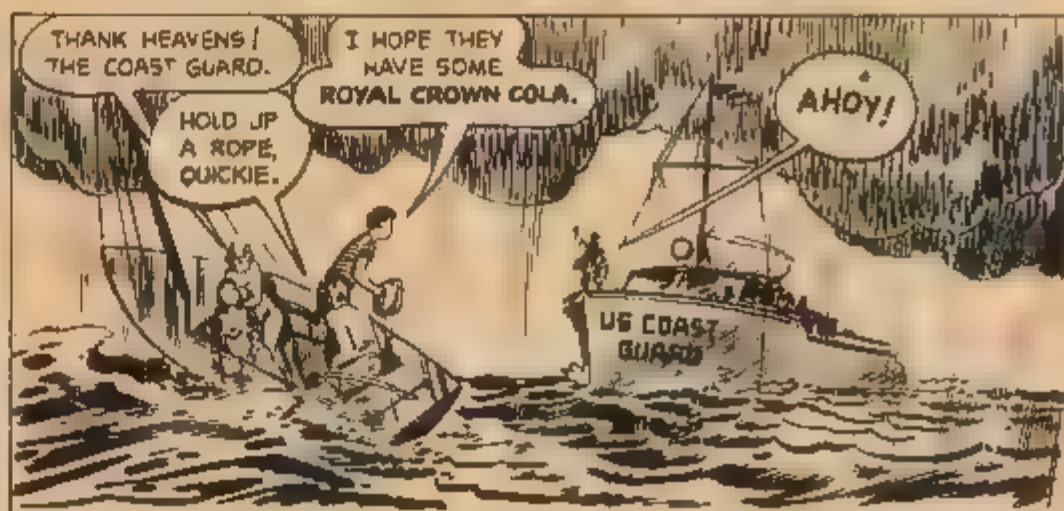
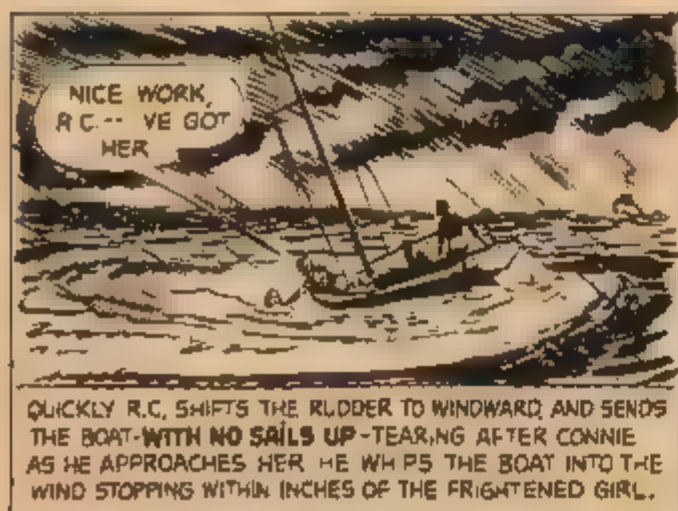
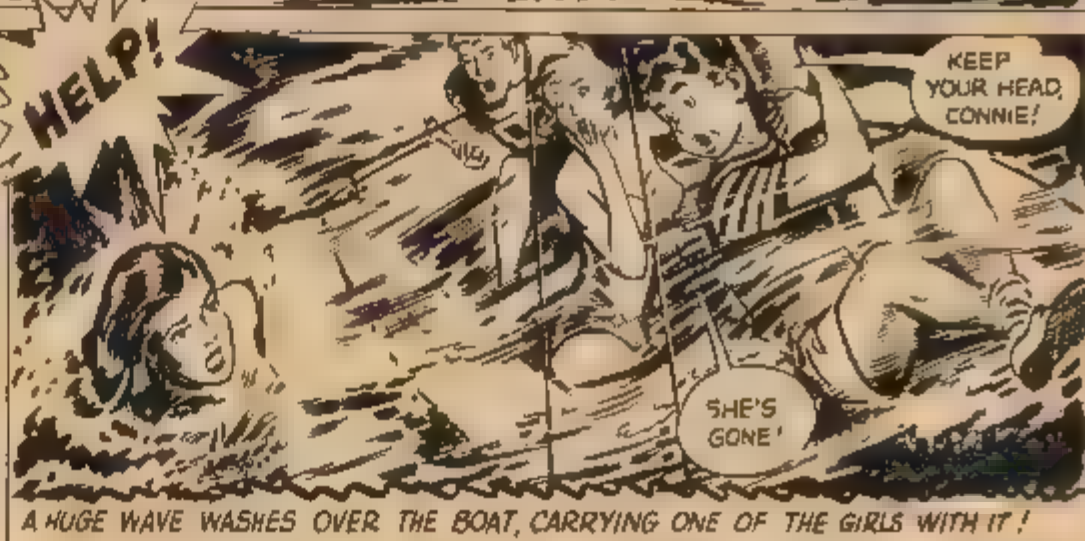
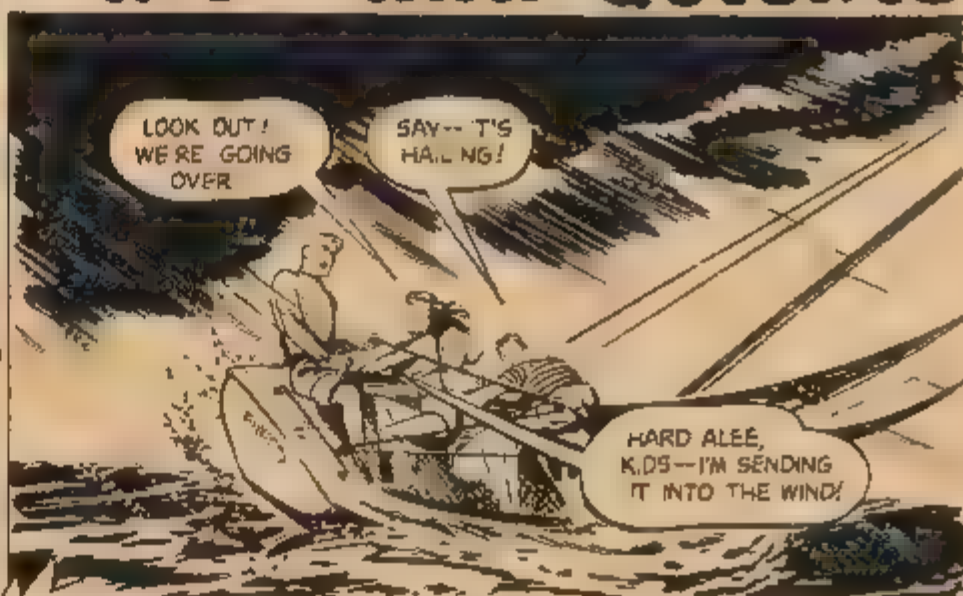


"You could at least apologize for keeping the ball out of my reach."

CALLING ALL GIRLS

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

FOUR AGAINST THE SEA



WILLIAM "BILL" ELLIOTT SAYS,

SHAKE, AMIGO! IT SURE TASTES BEST!

William Elliott says he's a trigger, so he's not in the habit of picking a winner. He tried a lot of different colas, but he picked Royal Crown Cola. "Best-tasting," said Bill. Why not try it today? Fill glasses and shake it well!

See William Elliott in "IN OLD SACRAMENTO" A Republic Picture

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by taste-test

ROYAL CROWN COLA
2 FULL GLASSES 5¢

MEDAL FOR MUMS

(Continued from page 60)

food!" Mary Jo said stormily and left the table.

Up in her own room she pounded the pillow with her fist.

"What's the matter with me?" she demanded of the shadowed walls. "Martha thinks I'm crabby. Tuck is sure I'm jealous. I've hurt Mums' feelings. And Dad thinks I'm a goon."

"What a day! Tuck's probably right when he says people are what they are. Anyway, why should Mums want to be what I want her to be? I wish she did, though," Mary Jo sighed, with complete lack of logic. "I wouldn't feel so out of it if she did."

The days went by, and though Mary Jo tried to snap out of her blue mood, everything seemed to contrive to make her feel more and more depressed, and more and more irritated with her mother. Monday Flossie wore the new jacquard sweater her mother had made for her. Tuesday Kit refused to join the gang for Cokes. Her mother had agreed to make her a new date dress, and Kit was going to do the ironing so as to give her mother more time for sewing. Wednesday Dad took Mums and Mary Jo to the church supper, and there was TwoGees' mother cutting pies and passing salad and just about running the whole affair. And for the crowning touches, Tuck didn't come near her, didn't call her up, and Mums didn't mention Friday night.

Mary Jo had never felt so completely alone in her entire life, or so completely sorry for herself. It wasn't any of Tuck's business how she felt about her mother, but—suppose he just kept on staying away? It was just too much! Somehow, the whole wretched episode seemed to revolve around angel food, and Mary Jo was resolved, suddenly, to have angel food Friday night. On Thursday she skipped lunch to confer with TwoGees' mother.

"Martha's away," Mary Jo finished her explanation. "And you know Mums."

"Indeed I do know your mother," TwoGees' mother replied. "One of the finest, brightest, kindest women in Glen Ridge. And a real credit to the community. You should be proud of her."

"Oh, sure, sure!" It was silly to offend TwoGees' mother. "But you know Mums and cooking. My gosh, I'll bet she doesn't know how to light the oven."

TwoGees' mother still looked severe. "That may be, but your mother is talented along other lines."

Mary Jo nodded. "But not along lines that will get me an angel food cake for the gang."

TwoGees' mother laughed. "I'll bake your cake for you, honey."

"Oh, no!" Mary Jo was very earnest. "I want to bake this myself"

"To show Mother?"

"To show Mother," Mary Jo nodded.

"Very well," TwoGees' mother agreed. "I'll stand on the side lines and coach."

On Friday Tuck unbent enough in Latin class to say abruptly, "Guess I won't be able to make it tonight, Mary Jo. Uh—I'm going to be busy."

"Oh," said Mary Jo. She could feel the red creeping up into the roots of her hair. "Oh, that's all right, Tuck. See you Monday."

She ducked out of Latin class fast. Let him stay away, if he felt that way about it. She was going through with her plans just the same.

And so Friday afternoon, while TwoGees practiced with the basketball team, Mary Jo shopped and carried eggs and cake flour and sugar and almond extract to TwoGees' kitchen and was instructed in the art of baking angel food cake.

"There's really nothing to it," TwoGees' mother assured her. "Just a light hand and a good egg beater."

There might be nothing to it, but Mary Jo was proud as the vainest peacock when she took her cake from the oven after its hour of slow baking. High, light, delicately browned, with tantalizing whiffs of almond.

"It's a beauty," TwoGees' mother congratulated her. And when it was cool, she put it into her covered cake dish so that Mary Jo could carry it easily.

Mary Jo slipped quietly in the front door and put the cake dish on the top shelf of the coat closet.



"Just wait till I bring this out for the kids in front of Mums," she reflected, while another part of her mind wondered why in the world she was making such an issue of angel food. "Just wait till she sees this. This'll show her."

She had just closed the door when Dad came in.

"Hi!" He grinned companionably. "I'm dead. Let's get your mother and go to some nice place for dinner. You know, *serviettes* instead of napkins. Mums is probably upstairs."

They had just started up the stairs when they suddenly heard a clatter from the kitchen.

"Our Mums in the kitchen?" Dad murmured. "It can't be."

The two of them hurried through the swinging door that led to the kitchen. There was Mums, all right, her slick coiffure tumbled every which way, her face well smudged, and tears trembling in the brown eyes that were usually so gay.

"Oh, Mary Jo!" she wailed. "I wanted so much to surprise you. And I thought that even if I can't cook and hate to cook, I could just this once. I got Mrs. O'Lone, that nice food demonstrator at the store, to tell me exactly how to make an angel food cake, and I came home at noon to do it, and I tried so hard. And look at it!"

Mary Jo didn't even glance toward the tubular pan. She couldn't have seen it anyway for the great, blinding wave of love and affection. Lots of mothers baked cakes and knitted sweaters and made dresses for their daughters. But they knew how. That was their job and their career. But Mums, who could turn a neat phrase and hardly knew one end of an egg beater from the other, Mums had worked and fussed and burned her hand and undertaken a job she knew nothing about, just to please her.

"I don't know whether I stirred when I should have folded, or used too much sugar, or jarred the oven, or what. But it's such a mess!" Mums wept.

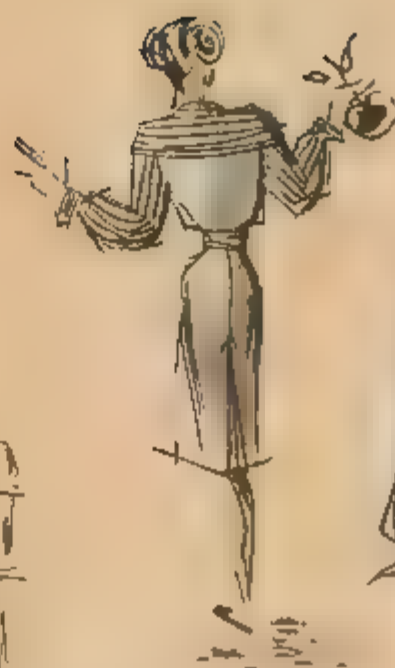
Mary Jo threw her arms about her mother. "Who cares about the old cake?"

"Now, before both you girls are washed away in your own tears, let's get practical." Dad's voice held a reassuring note. "There isn't a thing the matter with this cake except that it puffed down instead of up. It tastes pretty good. The thing to do is to split it in half. Then nobody'll know it was always kind of stunted. On the way home from dinner we'll buy some ice cream to put in the middle and make ice-cream sandwich cake."

Mums brightened. "We could, couldn't we? And get a big jar of

(Continued on page 96)

looks good enough to eat ...



OUR NEW

"Apple Polisher"

Dearly beloved by the Coke-Crowd . . . impish two-piecer that color-contrasts stripes with gray. The brief jacket has quaint silver antique finish buttons . . . and a new rounded look to the shoulders. Smartly calculated panels glorify the skirt. Do the gals approve? But def! Blue, green, brown or black stripes on gray. Teen sizes 10 to 16. About \$14



For the Store Nearest You Write:

BOSTON JUNIOR DEB CO., 116-130 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass.
 New York 1350 Broadway Chicago — Merchandise Mart Los Angeles — Biltmore Hotel Dallas — 114 South Poydras St.

CHART YOUR COURSE

(Continued from page 29)

exasperating squiggles invented to torment you, and languages as just maddening past imperfects designed to haunt you at exam time?

You don't want to miss any part of the adventure of high school! Then look again at those subjects and see them for what they really are: keys to your kingdom of tomorrow. The pothooks may land you an exciting job; the declensions may be your passport into college or to the foreign lands that stir your imagination.

Up to now you have been told what subjects to take. From here on, you begin to choose for yourself. This is your chance to test the fabric of your dreams.

And it's a chance that isn't much older than your own generation! Not so long ago, careers for which girls could study were almost limited to nursing, teaching, office work. Today the sky isn't even the limit.

Graduation day is years off, but you don't want it to be a day of heartache because while you have earned a high school diploma, it won't admit you where you most want to go—like Shirley whose application to a training school for nurses was rejected because she lacked enough high school science credits. Or Mary, who found out in her senior year that her school offered a college scholarship that covered all expenses—but it was too late for her to qualify. Hindsight didn't help them make up for lost time. But foresight in charting your course will assure you smooth sailing.

You have lots of seasoned hands on board who will be eager and willing to help you if you just give them a signal. Whether you know exactly what you want and where you are going, or whether you are tossed about by doubts and uncertainties, these helpers will give you a compass to go by.

Counselors, deans, principals, vocational guidance chairmen, course advisers, or teachers—different names in different schools, but these are the men and women with the facts and figures to guide you. Use them for all they're worth and don't be afraid to fire questions and problems at them. They can help you discover whether you are a builder of things or a creator of ideas; whether you are a leader or a follower; whether you are science geared, business minded, or artistically inclined; whether you should plan ahead to a higher education or to-

ward a full-time job immediately after high school. They can help you decide whether you should take Latin or a modern language, more than two years of math, an extra science, or industrial arts.

Because they have spent years finding out, these counselors can advise you what high school subjects will qualify you for college or business school or art school or vocational school; what scholarships and aids your school offers if you're big on ambitions but short on cash.

While you are chasing down ideas, aids, and guards against pitfalls, tap the resources offered you by grown-ups who are actually working in the field you hope to crash someday.

Get to know more about your community. Do you know what your own town has to offer? Or are you like Marjorie who struggled through three years of academic subjects she despaired over before she learned that a few miles away there was a vocational school that would teach her how to be a beautician—the training that really interested her?

On the other hand, there was Jean who set her heart on being a fashion designer, only to discover that the subjects she needed were not taught in her school or her town. That doesn't mean you can't look to wider horizons than your own community! Small-town girls have made a name for themselves in cities, and city girls have found their niche managing farms. But before you start building up to anything that will take you away from home for study or for a job, consider whether you will be able to leave your home to find those studies you want, and do you want to leave home?

Luckily you don't have to decide everything in your first years of

high school. Most schools plan the first two years as background to help you judge whether you should specialize later and in what. But you will have to make up your mind whether you will take a general course, a commercial course, a college entrance course, or an industrial course—four big headings that leave you plenty of room to explore.

A general course will give you a good academic background that will serve later as a springboard for almost anything. A commercial course, with its emphasis on typing, shorthand, bookkeeping, and business English prepares you for work right after school. But if you want, you can polish off your training after graduation in a secretarial school. A college entrance course makes you ready for higher education toward a Bachelor's degree in arts or sciences. A vocational school or an industrial course opens up to you prospects of employment in hand or machine work of all kinds, from dressmaking and plane mechanics to designing hats or automobile interiors.

Now here is where you do a little fishing as you sail along. Electives are the bait and they may catch you a whale of a future. Electives—some schools call them optionals or free choice subjects—are the subjects you choose. If you settle on the easiest ones for loafing purposes only, you are missing out on part of the adventure.

There was the girl—no freehand artist who loved to draw. She decided to make art her elective and ended up in a highly specialized profession, drawing illustrations for medical books. And another girl, who couldn't play an instrument but was happier with music than anything else, took her optional credits in music. She talked to the teacher and learned about a new field called musical therapy—helping sick people get well by the use of music.

Maybe you did start with dreams of daisy chains and college campuses, but you discover that you're no bookworm and that W. Shakespeare and Master Euclid leave you clammy. Ask the experts and let them steer you into channels built for a cruiser your speed.

That is what high schools are—your chance to evaluate yourself, to decide what you are best suited for and what you most enjoy, while getting a general education and a chance to cheer your team to victory. Now steer a straight course!



"Phew! I wish I had gotten a new dress instead of a new coat. I'm hot!"

CALLING ALL GIRLS

A PEGGY PARKER Creation

ADORABLY YOUNG

"Youthful Spirit" captured
and enhanced in this Peggy
Parker creation.

The fine 100% Virgin Wool
original is sophisticated with-
out losing any of its youthful
charm.

It can be worn with sports-
wear, slacks, or for "dress-up"
dates.



Name of nearest
store on request.

PEGGY PARKER SWEATERS

1111 BROADWAY NEW YORK 18, NEW YORK

CALL it luck looks—or a lot of both, but there's no doubt about it, the winners of the CALLING ALL GIRLS 1946 Movie Contest were very plus in both beauty and brains—and they had a wonderful time on their whirlwind week end in New York. Terrific? Yes, it was! Sight-seeing trips to places—

like the Empire State Building and Radio City, a visit to the Harry Conover Modeling Agency, a swoonderful formal dinner and dance, a listen-in at the CALLING ALL GIRLS radio show, and a chance to act in the color Back-to-School movie!

Remember, these lucky teeners won the trip on the basis of their answers to the fashion questionnaire and on their "model" qualifications—with Harry Conover, famous model expert, and fashion editor Nancy Pepper picking the winners. They were brought to New York, all ex-

CALLING ALL GIRLS CLUB NEWS

penses paid, by the Official Headquarters Stores conducting the contest, to be guests of CALLING ALL GIRLS magazine.

Like a dream come true, isn't it? Can you get in on the fun? Yes, you can. You'll be seeing the movie soon ask the Official Headquarters Store near you when it will be shown. And soon you'll be seeing photographs of the winners wearing those Back-to-School fashions in the pages of your favorite magazine.

Fun and fashion go hand in hand on the CALLING ALL GIRLS radio show all

the time, when top-glamour stars appear as guests of Jenny Jabberwocky, or when Nancy Pepper tells what you teens can do to drive your date-allure up and up, or when your dreamboat baritone, Dick Brown, sings.

And here's the answer to those questions you've been asking. In many Official

Headquarters Stores (see list on page 98 for the nearest one) you may register as a member of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club. And if you're near a store that sponsors the CALLING ALL GIRLS radio show, you can tune in and share in all the fashion know-how and fun. There's no store near you? Then write to Linda Allen, National Director, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and tell her your sad plight. There's no telling, but there's a chance she might be able to do something about it!



"Who's going to win the Calling All Girls 1946 Movie Contest?" was the big question among Club members at N. Kaufman's, Inc., Official Headquarters Store at Uniontown, Pa.—and among members all over the country, for that matter—when they received their contest entry blanks.



With their own models stepping straight out of the fashion pages of their favorite magazine, Calling All Girls Club members at the Yowell-Drew-Ivey Co., Official Headquarters in Orlando, Fla., put on an Easter fashion show. These formals and date dresses caught the eye.



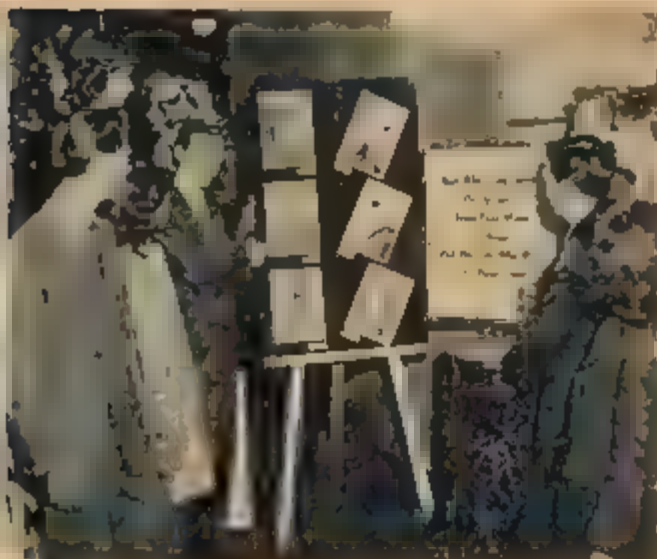
Left—Name, please? Why, Larry Clinton, of course, famous composer, former swing-band leader, and lately a major in the Army Air Forces. On the Calling All Girls radio show, he said he's going classical. We say he already is!

Right—Guest star Margaret Whiting, popular radio singer, didn't have to be coaxed to do one of her favorite numbers on the Calling All Girls shows. She's been singing since childhood and loves it, she told Jenny Jabberwocky, who interviewed her.





Cornered by the autograph hounds! *Calling All Girls* Club members at Edward's, Official Headquarters Store in Buffalo, N. Y., rushed for autographs when Dick Brown, tall, dark, and swoon-some baritone on the *Calling All Girls* radio show, and fashion editor Nancy Pepper flew up from New York City. The occasion? A teen fashion show.



Favorite guy-friends of *Calling All Girls* Club members at Crowley, Milner, Detroit, picked Rhoda Hoffman as the CAG Cover Girl they'd like in Terna Paige ads. Remember her on our May cover?



How to fill out those *Calling All Girls* Movie Contest entry blanks had five of the *Calling All Girls* Club members at The National, Official Headquarters Store at Atlantic City, N. J., a little bit puzzled until they received full instructions from Mrs. Rosemary Koeler, Debuteen Korner buyer. Then it was easy. The girls were out to make the winners work for that New York weekend.

Are you in the know?

Which leaves you cooler—

- ☐ A hot bath
- ☐ A lukewarm bath
- ☐ A cold shower



When the merc goes berserk, dunk that sizzling little carcass in a lukewarm bath. It leaves you cooler than hot or cold ablutions. There's no taboo on tubbing at "certain" times, either, when bathing's not only beneficial but a must if you'd be dainty. And did you know Kotex contains a deodorant? Moreover, the deodorant is locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. A new Kotex charm-saver!

If your nails split, should you—

- ☐ Smooth them with an emery board
- ☐ Trim them with your teeth
- ☐ Wear artificial nails

No use sighing over split nails. To smooth them, give your nails the business with an emery board, daily. Since a gel can't hide her hands forever, nail care spares you many uncomfortable moments. And so, on "trying" days, does Kotex. In fact, Kotex is The Word for comfort—because the softness of Kotex stays and stays. Yes, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. That means curfew for chafing!



HAMBURGER



What's new on the beach this year?

- ☐ The Life Guard
- ☐ The Bloomer Girl
- ☐ The hamburgers

If you want to wow the beach crowd, take your cue from the Bloomer Girl (shown here). Her swim suit's new and a far cry from the bathing bloomers of granny's day! Just as Kotex is far different from old-fashioned sanitary napkins. Consider the blessing of Kotex' flat tapered ends pressed flat so they don't cause revealing outlines! And that special Kotex safety center gives you plus protection



A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

*T M Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE YORKTOWN YOUNGER SET

(Continued from page 31)

Holly said, looking directly into his eyes.

"You're right, I have had plenty of practice at this kind of thing," he answered. "Oh, I should introduce myself. Dr. Swift, Robert Swift, from Harrison."

"I'm Holly Harkness."

"Holly in a rose-colored dress and daisies in her teeth. You made quite a picture here among the trees as I came up."

Holly blushed and made a move to stand up.

Dr. Swift jumped forward, put his arm around her shoulder, and helped her to her feet. "I think it may be just a sprain, but it would be a good idea to have it X-rayed. I'll give you a lift back to town."

"A lift?"

The doctor waved toward the road

where a horse stood patiently. They walked slowly over to the horse, Holly leaning on the doctor's shoulder. He mounted the horse and then easily lifted Holly up in front of him.

"Something like a fairy tale, isn't it? The dashing young knight comes out of the woods and rescues the flaxen-haired princess." Holly blushed again as the doctor voiced her very thoughts, but before she could think of an answer, he smiled and went on, "At least I *was* dashing along and you are a princess, aren't you?"

"Queen of all I survey at the moment," Holly said, half to herself.

Dr. Swift chuckled appreciatively, and they rode the rest of the way to the stables in friendly silence. After he had helped her into his car, he

asked, "Where to? Can I take you to your family doctor's—or home?"

"Oh, no," Holly answered hastily. "I mean he's away on vacation. Couldn't—couldn't you take care of my ankle?"

"Well, I don't like to without your parents' permission."

"I'm sure I can decide this without their..."

"O K, O K," the doctor interrupted. His face was turned away as he backed the car around.

Holly was a little surprised as he drove up in front of the Memorial Hospital.

"I want to get the X-ray made right away," he explained.

And with crisp, professional efficiency he hurried her through the routine, bound her ankle, and took her home. Holly's mother met them



It's a party

Serve
Coca-Cola
at home

5¢

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at the door and Holly introduced him. "I've had X-rays made," Dr. Swift explained, "and I'll let you know the results as soon as they're ready. I hope you don't think I'm presumptuous, but Holly thought it was all right for me to go ahead."

"It was so kind of you to take such good care of my little girl," Mrs. Harkness said.

Holly winced, but the doctor was already hurrying down the walk. She glared at her mother, brushed off her offer of an arm, and hobbled upstairs with the aid of the banister.

When Nan and Chip came by, Holly was relaxing in comfortable luxury on the lawn, her feet on a hassock and a glass of lemonade in her hand.

"We thought we'd better come around and see what happened to you," Nan began. "Say, what did happen to you?" she interrupted herself, pointing at Holly's ankle.

"Oh, I sprained it up in the woods this afternoon," Holly said casually.

"Oh, Holly, what an awful shame!"

"Gee, Hol," Chip said, "I feel like a double twerp. If I hadn't made that dopey remark, this wouldn't have happened."

"That's right, Chip," Holly smiled. "That's why I can't thank you enough."

"Thank me!"

"You wouldn't understand. Go get yourself and Nan some lemonade in the kitchen, will you?"

Chip sauntered off, muttering something about "women," and Nan edged onto the hassock where Holly had made room for her.

"I don't get it either," said Nan.

"He's the most marvelous man!"

"Who, Chip?"

"Don't be sill," Holly said disgustedly. "The doctor, of course."

"What doctor?" asked Nan. "Sometimes you aren't altogether coherent."

"The perfectly gorgeous hunk of humanity I found in the woods, and he fixed my ankle and brought me home and everything. Oh, Nan, he's too marvelous!"

"Do you mean a medical student or a guy complete with the necessary initials after his name?"

"Why, Nan, of course he's not a student. Dr. Robert Swift. Isn't that a wonderful name?"

"But isn't he a little old for you?"

"Oh, not old. He's romantic. He called me his princess," Holly sighed.

"He's mature, distinguished."

"A distinguished thrower of a fast line," Nan commented.

"And here is your distinguished lemonade, Miss Wallace."

"Huh?" Nan started as Chip stuck a glass under her nose. "Thanks. Pull up a clump of grass and sit down."

Chip sprawled comfortably on the lawn beside Holly's chair. "And what were you two buzz-buzzing about so buzzily?"

"Just light, girlish chitchat," Nan

You Can Hear Her Smile!



One of more than 250,000 girls, she has the responsible job of linking the communities of our nation.

She's friendly and courteous, well trained and efficient—in every way a typical American girl in business. And she likes her job. Her working conditions and pay are good. So is her security and opportunity for getting ahead.

Her famous "voice with a smile" is a tradition. She is your Bell Telephone operator.

One of a series about women in the
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



answered him with a frivolous air. "All right, don't tell me." Chip took a long, noisy drink. "By the way, Holly, the doctor phoned while I was in the house and said your ankle wasn't broken."

"What? Is he still on the phone? Didn't he ask for me?" Holly began to scramble out of the chair.

"Hey, calm down. I said your ankle *wasn't* broken."

"But when am I going to see him again? Oh, you goon." Holly hobbled off toward the house, her stiff-legged walk and her high state of indignation combining to make her a rather strange figure.

"And what hit her?" Chip looked after her. "I don't get it, Nan. What gives?"

"She has a bad case of softening of the hearts and flowers department."

"I thought she sprained her ankle," Chip muttered. "Women," he added disgustedly.

Nan looked at him over her glass. "Men," she muttered in the same tone.

It was almost a week later when Wally returned from the shore. The same afternoon he, Nan, and Chip went over to see Holly.

"You'll find our Miss Harkness somewhat changed," Nan told Wally as they walked along. "She sprained her ankle about a week ago."

"I suppose you're trying to tell me that's changed the whole angle of

her personality," Wally said.

"You may think you're being funny, but it's all too true, son, all too true."

"Well! Tell brother Wally about it."

"There's a doctor in the picture, and he's too, too terrific."

"Oh, Nan, not you, too," Chip wailed.

"I'm quoting and I could go on



The only one who knows what the Yorktown Younger Set will do next is Blake Gilpin Bowman, author of the stories and a former associate editor of *Calling All Girls*. Here's Mrs. Bowman, with daughter Tracy and poodle Martini, at her Bucks County, Pa., home.

for hours," Nan answered. "She's been over to see him to have her bandage changed so often that the OPA will be announcing gauze rationing any minute."

"Can't you talk her out of it?" Wally asked.

"She's so far off in space you'd barely get a flicker out of her with radar," Chip grumbled.

"This seems to call for the Wallace touch," Wally said as they went up the steps of Holly's house.

Holly was stretched out on the sofa, resting luxuriously against a pile of cushions. She was wearing a long taffeta skirt, a frilly white blouse, and her blond hair was piled atop her head in a series of complicated curls. Her face looked as though it had exhausted the entire resources of a theatrical make-up kit.

"Hello, Wally," she called. "How nice to see you again. Did you have a delightful time at the shore?"

"Huh?" said Wally, his eyes popping. "Oh, yes, sure. Going out?"

"In this thing?" Holly indicated her clothes with a careless wave. "Heavens, no. But I did want to hide my ankle in case the doctor dropped by. He must be so tired of seeing bandaged arms and legs."

"Especially that one," mumbled Nan. "So that's why all the hair-do and goo?" she said more loudly.

Holly patted her hair carefully. "Well, it does make me look older don't you think?"



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Nan, Chip, and Wally exchanged embarrassed looks. Wally broke the silence. "Er, we came by to see if you wanted to guzzle a soda at the Sink with us."

"Oh, goodness, no. I couldn't possibly go down there on my ankle." Holly favored them with a charming smile. "Anyway, don't you think it's rather childish to hang around there all the time? I mean, it's so dull."

"You mean the doc might think he's tangled up with the Bobbsey Twins set or Tom Swift goes to Yorktown?"

"Chip," Nan said sternly.

"I'm sorry," Chip said as he got up and walked toward the door. "Anyway, let's go and leave Holly to her medical journal or something."

Nan and Wally followed him out a few minutes later.

"You shouldn't have been so rude," Nan said to him.

"I suppose not, but I'm getting slightly fed. Can't go swimming because of her ankle, can't do this and can't do that, don't phone her because the doctor might be trying to get her, and now we're childish. Jeepers!"

"I thought you two were exaggerating as usual," Wally cut into his complaints. "But! How does the doc figure in all this?" he asked. "I don't get it."

"He doesn't, except professionally, as far as I know," Nan answered. "He's probably as busy as every other doctor these days and hasn't even noticed her, unless he's chalked her up as a hypochondriac, the way she's carrying this ankle on."

"Hypo-who?" Chip asked.

"Look it up when you get home, little one," Wally patted him on the head. "Here's the Soda Sink. Let's go in and have a nice dull Coke, and maybe we can figure a way to pull Holly out of this."

Wally was sitting at the phone the next afternoon, wondering whom he could call to make up doubles at tennis, when the bell jangled at his elbow. He was a little surprised to hear Holly ask for him.

"I was just wishing you could join us for tennis," Wally said to her, "but I suppose that's out."

"Well, natch—I mean, naturally," Holly answered. "I called to ask a favor of you. Mother had to go downtown, and I wanted to go over to the doctor's and wondered if you could drive me. That is, if you're not too busy."

Wally told Chip and Nan to play singles and quickly went to pick Holly up. On the short ride to the doctor's he wasn't able to get much more than a distracted "yes" or "no" from her. He was feeling in a rather defeated mood when he helped her into the waiting room. The little sign standing on one of the tables said, "The doctor is out. Will be back at 3:30."

"Oh, dear," said Holly. "I have



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half an hour to wait. I hope you don't mind."

Wally shrugged and began to stroll around the room, examining the pictures on the walls. There were several framed photographs between the windows in the alcove. Wally studied them with interest.

"Hey, look at this, Holly," he said. "Family album stuff. I've been curious to see what this guy looked like. Is he in any of these?"

Holly hobbled over to join him.

"There he is," she squealed, picking out one of a group in caps and gowns.

"Isn't this the same person?" Wally pointed to another picture. "Who's the woman with him, and the children?"

"I don't know," Holly said flatly. "Why didn't someone tell her not to be photographed in stripes? She looks like a zebra!"

"Well, is he married?"

Holly's eyes were fixed on the picture. "He—he—that is, I never asked him."

"He must be. He's got his arm around her and the kids look sorta like him."

Holly turned away abruptly.

"Let's go," she said.

"Go?" Wally repeated. "Don't you want your ankle examined?"

Holly opened the outside door. "Oh, it's all right. Anyway, I really don't want to wait."

That night the four of them, Nan,

Holly, Chip, and Wally, went out to dinner at the Country Club—in celebration, Nan said.

"Nice to have you back, .chum," Wally said to Holly.

Holly grinned sheepishly.

"Don't you feel as if you were in your second childhood?" Chip smirked at Holly.

"Leave the gal alone, Chip," Nan said. "She's a reformed character."

Holly raised her right hand. "I hereby swear not to look at another man over eighteen."

Wally stood and bowed. "Must I produce my birth certificate or may I have this dance on my say-so? Providing your ankle's recovered, of course."

"Whatever made you think anyone would take you for over eighteen?" Holly kidded him as she got up.

In answer, Wally guided her slowly onto the dance floor, then, as Holly seemed to be as nimble-footed as ever, whirled her into a fast waltz. They had just reached the other side of the room when Holly spotted the woman.

"Wally," she said, "the woman over there in the corner looks just like the one in the photo."

Wally looked where she indicated. "Sure does," he said. "She has on the same striped dress, too. Is that the doc with her?"

"No. Dr. Swift doesn't wear a mustache."

"Maybe he should, 'cause she

seems pretty cozy with that guy. Oh, well, it's none of our business."

"But, Wally, this is awful. The doctor's really a terribly nice man. This shouldn't happen to him."

"Of course he's a nice guy, Holly, but there's nothing we can do about it. Let's go back to the table and forget it."

Holly was just about to slide into her seat, when she jumped up again. "There she goes into the powder room." Holly started after her.

"Holly, for Pete's sake," Wally called, but Holly was already out of hearing.

The woman was sitting in front of one of the mirrors fixing her lipstick when Holly came in. Holly slid into the chair next to her. They were alone in the room. Holly pulled out a comb.

"This is a very small town, you know."

The woman looked at her, startled. "Yes, delightful, isn't it?"

"And everybody knows everybody else in this town and all the towns around here," Holly stared at her meaningly.

"That sounds very neighborly." The woman took out her compact.

Holly looked at the big HSS emblazoned on its lid and took a deep breath. "Well, it means you can't keep any skeletons in your closets, unless they're medical skeletons." Holly waited for some comment. The woman remained silent. "Everybody

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likes Dr. Swift, you know," Holly said.

The woman seemed surprised at the mention of Dr. Swift's name, but answered politely. "I'm glad of that. I'm very fond of him myself." She fluffed out the ends of her hair with her finger tips.

"That does it," Holly thought. "So she's very fond of him, is she. Isn't that nifty? She's so fond of him she flaunts old mustache-face all over the place. Well, I'll fix her."

Holly put on an oh-so-sweet tone of voice and said, "I imagine Dr. Swift is out on a professional call?"

The woman was visibly annoyed. She frowned, gave a short laugh, thrust her compact back into her purse, and started for the door.

Holly followed right at her heels. "Maybe she'll leave now," she thought. "Maybe she's got the idea that she can't pull anything around here." And then, out loud, "While the cat's away the rat will play."

As they went out the door they practically collided with a tall figure who was hurrying by. Holly almost fainted when she saw it was Dr. Swift.

"Darling," he exclaimed, and threw an arm around the woman.

"Oh gosh," thought Holly, "we've got to get him out of here. We've got to give her a chance to get rid of the other man. The doctor's too nice to be hurt. Maybe I can get him over to our table while the other man sneaks out." She thrust herself forward.

"Well, hello, Holly," Dr. Swift said jovially. "How's the ankle? Helen," he said to the woman, "I'd like you to meet Holly Harkness, one of my young patients. Holly, my sister, Mrs. Sudbury."

Holly was edging around nervously to block the doctor's view of the other man, so that it took her a second to realize what he had said. "Your s—oh, how do you do," she said finally.

Dr. Swift went on. "Helen and her family are visiting me for a few days, getting a look at life in the country."

"Holly has been telling me something about it," Mrs. Sudbury said coolly.

Holly didn't dare look at her. "Excuse me," she said. "So nice to see you—but my date is waiting for me."

Holly slid into the booth next to Wally as quickly as she could.

"What, no fireworks?" asked Wally.

"No, except in me. I feel slightly ill," Holly answered.

"Gee, do you need a doctor?" Chip asked sympathetically.

"No, no, no doctor!" Holly answered hastily. "Unless you can find one under eighteen."

"Then I'm your man." Wally grinned at her.

Holly nodded weakly. "Okay, I'll go quietly, doctor," she said.

Heat Wave

It's 99 in the shade, but the gang's going to town and it's every hamburger for himself! If you're making like an Indian, better watch out for that topknot. Your hair may not blister but it'll burn, ducky. Keep it under cover or put a few drops of oil on your hairbrush for that shining look.



Take it easy. You'll get there faster if the legwork's smooth. With most of you out in the open, you can't afford a shaggy-dog look and see-worthy legs are a cinch when you de-fuzz them weekly. Then try shining your leg make-up with a chamois cloth and you'll really run away with the floor show!



Shirts are being worn in or out this season, but blowing your own horn is a sour note. If you yearn to win friends and make beaux, learn to say pretty things about other people. You'll be surprised how quickly compliments return.

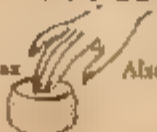
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FOREVER YOURS

(Continued from page 41)

closet on the third wall, and a door leading to the hall on the fourth wall. Since most girls share a room, all plans were to include facilities for two, where both girls can sleep, study, read, relax, and entertain their friends. Planning for the future was the most important consideration, however. How to make best use of the 10' x 10' space, what furnishings to include and which to omit, method of decorating—these details were left to the discretion of the individual student-designers. Among the best designs submitted are the four shown on pages 40 and 41, planned and drawn by Jane Cutton, Henry C. Keeling, Mary Mastro, and Georgia Patterson. Additional meritorious designs will appear in a future issue.

Notice that these rooms are neither too youthful nor too sophisticated, but just right. They suit the budding career woman; college girls will be at home here, and so will high-schoolers and boarding school students. Speaking of boarding schools, remember that you'll be entering an entirely new phase in your life when you leave the old familiar town and accustomed ways to go away to school. They may do things in a certain way at the school or college you've chosen, have particular fads or decorating tricks which you'll

want to incorporate in your room at home, too. So don't go in for any extensive remodeling in your last year at home until you can determine just what's going to suit you when you're a full-fledged boarding school or college student.

To get back to the attractive rooms on pages 40 and 41, lesson number one to be gleaned from these schemes is, small rooms needn't be stereotyped. Using the same floor plan as a basis, these young designers (many of them still teen-agers) have created different and distinctive rooms, no two alike, yet all practical and attractive. One student uses built-ins to make small space go further; another depends on the lines and coloring of his furnishings to create an illusion of greater size. Jane Cutton blends unusual lighting with a mirrored corner to create an effective room. Given the Mary Mastro treatment, bunk beds take on new glamour and practicability, besides being fine space-conservers. And way up on our list of "musts," these rooms will continue to please as the occupants grow in age and maturity.

Remember that youth is fleeting and fads are even more fleeting. Maybe you're now going through a Van-fan phase (don't we all!). All right, you're mad about the man, but

think a couple of times before you hammer nails all over the walls to hold his pictures. When you outgrow the idol stage and relegate Van to a box on the shelf, you're going to have a very spotty looking wall to explain away.

We've always stressed the importance of a comfortable place to study. If you can fit in a desk without crowding your room and your budget, by all means do so. However, if you know definitely that you're going out into the business world after finishing high school and will only have occasional use for a desk, why not get a secretary instead, or a dressing table which can double as a desk? If you plan to go on to college, however, a desk is a worthwhile possession. Even though you may not choose to take it away to school with you, it will be mighty handy for working on term papers when you're home visiting the folks between semesters.

If you plan wisely, your room will fit you comfortably now and grow as you grow. Don't succumb to passing fads and fancies. Select furnishings and accessories that aren't stamped "1946" but will still be stylish in several years from now. A bit of thought and care now assures happier years ahead.



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A new permanent wave for back-to-school? And do you plan to have it at home? Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave offers a complete kit of

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A change of lipstick color is a prime glamour pick-me-up. Here's



a gay shade that's right for your coloring, right for up-and-coming teens—"So Rosy" by Seventeen. Comes in a so-pretty blue and cerise metal case. Look for "So Rosy" lipstick, price \$1, and Seventeen's other created-for-teens cosmetics. You'll find them on the counters of your favorite teen department.

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THAT CROONIN' CROSBY

(Continued from page 23)

and has won himself a place in the entertainment world that's really solid.

A lot of the things you hear about Bing are just gags dreamed up by friends like Bob Hope. Actually Bing isn't the laziest man living. He just likes to pretend he's bored with work, but he turns out an amazing amount of it. He likes to wear sweaters and sport coats that occasionally make his friends shudder—maybe just to see how violent a reaction he can get from them with his loud plaids and screaming color combinations. He likes to keep a pipe in his mouth, except when he's singing—but then, he has to do something with those stacks and stacks of pipes the Spokane Athletic Round Table swamped him with in their "Pipes for Crosby" campaign. He's always been crazy about sports, used to win awards in school for his swimming, baseball, football, and boxing. Given his choice, he'd have taken up professional baseball, he says at times. Now he plays a beautiful game of golf and snags one golf trophy after another—when he has time to play. He'll forget everything else when he's around horses. All Hope's gags aside, Bing does very well with the horses he raises at his Binglin Stock Farm, and some of them even win races occasionally!

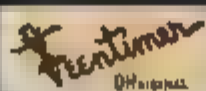
Bing hates publicity and he hates to wear make-up. Once in a while when it's time for him to don grease-paint, he does a disappearing act. He dislikes emotionalism in either acting or singing, and you'll never catch him doing any heavy dramatics in either one. A scene or a song has to be casual or he won't stand for it. Incidentally, he's a pretty nice fellow to work with in pictures, and more than one young player has been kidded out of a nervous state or given a bit of a morale-booster at a tense moment by Bing's deliberately hamming some heavy scene that wasn't going too well anyway.

He has a handy wit, is a match even for Bob Hope, and hates anything that even smacks of formality. When people bore him, he usually just exits inconspicuously. He's a devout Catholic, and rarely misses appearing at Sunday mass with his four sons.

Trophies for this and that seem to come to Bing as easily as has his success. Though he gives the impression of not even half trying, he wins golf trophies, government citations for his war work, and the much-coveted Academy Award "Oscar" for his acting in "Going My Way." And while Bing does do a mighty good job of his share in raising the four young Crosbys, it's just his way to cop last year's national citation as "Father of the Year," plus the Eisenhower Medal from the National Fathers' Day Committee!



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LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 52)

shared with others. She will acquire this confidence as she comes to feel that she has something to contribute, something which others are ready to recognize.

I am a girl of fourteen and am a freshman as of this year. Will it be right for a freshman girl to go with a senior boy? And what about the other older girls, do they have a right to be mad? If they are, what should I do? I really like this boy a lot, and he is a dear friend of mine. We enjoy being together. We kid each other all the time and really have fun. Do I have the right to go with him? He is seventeen and really doesn't act it. What do you think? —Mary L., aged 14, Texas.

MARY should not feel it is necessarily wrong or unfair to have friends older or younger than she or in different classes at school. Some girls are older than their years and some boys are younger, and vice versa. One cannot always go exactly by the calendar.

Mary and her older pal like being together. Their friendship seems natural and important to them. Their personalities seem to click. Why shouldn't they be friends?

However, the resentment of the older girls would be understandable, too. After all, Mary is taking the time and attention of a boy their own age they had counted on. But there won't be much envy if Mary shows by her actions and her manner that her friendship with this boy is sincere. And she must welcome others of her own age to some of her activities, as well as enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of class affairs. Mary should continue to be friendly with the older girls, also.

It would be a good idea for Mary not to let this friendship affect her world or herself so completely that too many other things, like homework, sports, loyalty to other pals, get pushed into the background. It is a nice feeling for a freshman girl to be singled out by a senior young man, but she need not let this "victory" go to her head.

MAILING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

THE MYSTERY AT BLUE VALLEY FARM

(Continued from page 44)

miss?" he asked her civilly enough. There was a little pause, while Liss tried to catch her breath.

She decided to tell the truth—though not the part of it that had to do with Somers. She couldn't know where this groom stood in regard to the new manager at Blue Valley. He might even be a confederate in whatever villainy Somers was so obviously mixed up in. On the other hand, the groom must have worked with Ian for some time. He certainly could not refuse his aid, if she told him the former trainer had been injured.

"I'm looking for a telephone," she said. "I've just come from the farm office, and Mr. Ian MacLeith—you know him, don't you?—is down there unconscious. He's had an—an accident, and the telephone isn't working. So I came up here to get help."

The groom asked, alarmed, "Mr. MacLeith hurt? I've worked with him for five years—sure, I know him. He'll tell you he knows George Riley."

Liss was suddenly sure George was no tool of Somers. For one thing, he did not look bright enough to be anybody's confederate; for another, the anxiety on his round, rosy face looked very genuine.

"Could you call a doctor, please, George, and then come back to the office with me?" Liss asked. "I don't know how badly he's hurt, and I'm not strong enough to move him."

"We'd better be seeing Mr. Otis on this," George said doubtfully, and started for the door.

"You don't think we should call a doctor first?" Liss demurred, but George only shook his head stubbornly.

"I wouldn't know who to call, I'm sure, miss," he said. "That'd be up to Mr. Otis, or Mr. Somers, our new manager."

"Well—never mind," Liss said hastily. "Perhaps it would be better to go straight to Mr. Otis." She tried desperately to hurry George's lumbering gait, but without any marked success. Physically as well as mentally, George seemed to function only in low gear.

The main house was red brick, like the office building, with white trim and a roof of heavy green tile. In front of it, the wide drive made a big circle for cars to turn in.

A car was standing in the drive now. As they approached, Liss recognized it with a throb of alarm.

"Why—there's Mr. MacLeith's car now," George said, and faced Liss accusingly. "You see, miss, he'll be after comin' up to tell Mr. Otis all about it himself."

He was obviously doubtful about going further, and hung back, even when Liss, in desperation, plucked at his coat sleeve with energy.



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"George, that's Ian MacLeith's car, but he wasn't driving it. I can assure you of that . . ." She drew back swiftly, maneuvering to put George's big frame between herself and the small, wiry man who just then emerged through the front door and came racing down the steps.

Tom Somers looked from left to right, with an odd, furtive vigilance—and stopped as he stiffened at the sight of the two figures in the drive. His face darkened, and he addressed Liss directly, his tone impatient.

"Anything I can do for you?"

At least he didn't attach any special importance to her presence there, Liss realized with a warm surge of relief. And then, to her horror, she saw that George was prepared to explain. The explanation she had given George simply must not be passed on to Tom Somers. The crisis she had been fearing, ever since she left the office, was upon her.

She put her hand on George's arm, which had the happy effect of distracting his attention and retarding the words he was obviously ready to say.

"I brought a message for the—the housekeeper from a friend in Postbury," Liss said.

Suppose there wasn't any housekeeper at Blue Valley Farm. Then she would be in trouble—with a vengeance. Still, judging from the size of the estate and the house itself, she felt reasonably confident there must be somebody—call her by what name they might—who corresponded to that position.

Thankfully she saw that she had not pulled a boner. Tom Somers promptly lost interest in her and her concerns.

"Oh—Mrs. Stokes," he said indifferently, and glanced over at George, who was gulping visibly. "You'd better leave your message at the door. Mr. Otis has had a bad attack—looks like a stroke. Mrs. Stokes is busy with him now. Did you want anything, George?"

"George was kind enough to bring me up here—I got into the stables by mistake," Liss put in, trying to look casual, while very conscious of a growing panic.

Tom Somers hesitated, and then with a curt nod, opened the door of the waiting black sedan and slid into the front seat. The car went roaring around the circle, and swung into the lower drive to the gate.

Liss hurried across the circle and up the steps. George stared after her in amazement. Only his normal slowness of speech had saved her from catastrophe. She put a trembling finger on the bell and held it there.

There followed a wait, so long it almost drove her frantic, before the door opened once more, this time to disclose a distraught maid whose eyes were reddened with crying, and whose neat white cap was cocked ab-

surdly on the side of her head. "Mr. Otis, please—it's very important," Liss began, wondering whether Tom Somers' words about sudden illness had been fact. And what she was going to do, if they were.

To her astonishment, the maid burst into tears. "You can't see him, miss—nobody can. He's had a stroke," she stammered. "Mr. Somers has just gone for the doctor."

So it was true, Liss thought, feeling dazed. No help here, then. And George didn't seem an adequate answer to her problem, either. Her mind fastened, vaguely at first, then with growing surprise, on one fact that did not belong in the picture. Liss straightened.

"Why didn't Mr. Somers telephone for the doctor?" she demanded. "Wouldn't it have been quicker?"

The maid dropped her apron and stared, much as George had done. "I—really don't know, miss," she said hopelessly. More tears threatened, and Liss broke in quickly.

"He must have sort of—lost his head in the emergency," she said smoothly as she edged farther into the hall. "People do, you know. But I'm sure you aren't the kind to do that. Don't you think perhaps you and I had better call the doctor anyway? He could be here before Mr. Somers even gets to his office." She was very sure Tom Somers was not heading for the doctor in Ian's black sedan.

"You know the name of Mr. Otis' physician, don't you?" she went on in a businesslike tone that had its effect.

The girl said, speaking less hysterically, "Yes, miss, of course. It's Dr. Curtis." She added, "His number's Postbury 99. There's a telephone in the library—this way, please."

By a lucky chance Dr. Curtis was at home, and if he found himself considerably taken aback by Liss' startling announcement, he wasted no time on questions.

"Mr. Otis has had a stroke," Liss said, speaking as calmly as she could, "and Ian MacLeith, his former trainer, has been in an accident in the farm office and is unconscious. Could you please come as fast as you can?" She put down the receiver. "Who is with Mr. Otis now?" she asked the maid.

"Mrs. Stokes, miss. It was all awfully sudden—Mr. Somers was with him in the study when it happened. But—but—you said Mr. MacLeith is hurt!" Her chin had dropped. Events were moving too fast for her by this time.

"Yes, an accident down at the office. I happened to be with him and came up here for help," Liss explained briefly, ignoring the avid curiosity in the other's face. "I have to get right back to him, and you'd better tell Mrs. Stokes the doctor's coming, hadn't you?"

She literally ran from the room

and out the front door hoping against hope that George would still be there.

He was. Liss pounced on him with relief. "We've called Dr. Curtis, but you'll have to come with me, George," she ordered in the crisp tone that had worked so well with the maid. It worked once more, and this time George had contributed a suggestion of his own.

"Hadn't we better take a car, miss, in case he has to be moved? I can bring the station wagon around in a jiffy, and one of the stableboys to help heft him."

Liss agreed to this with enthusiasm, and it really was not much more than a jiffy before they were rolling down the drive toward the office, a moonfaced stableboy, pleased with his new importance, beside George on the front seat.

Taking advantage of the breathing spell, Liss tried to sum up the situation in her mind. She felt sure Mr. Somers was not on his way to get the doctor, yet what was he up to?

She hoped Ian would be conscious when they reached the office. This was getting a little too complicated for her and Andy to handle by themselves.

When the station wagon stopped, Liss was out and running up the path before George had the brakes on. She burst into the room like a young whirlwind—and checked herself on the threshold.

Ian MacLeith was lying back, pale but obviously rational, on the office couch, with Andy on one side, her face flushed and anxious, and on the other Johnnie Lindquist.

"Johnnie!" Liss said, her hand still on the knob of the green-painted door. "How did you know we were here?"

Andy came to her in an eager rush. "Liss, you're safe! Oh, I was so scared!" she whispered, her warm cheek against her twin's. "Rick's gone for the police. Ian sent him the moment he—he came to."

"But what were the boys doing here?" Liss was bewildered.

"They wanted to hear about Mrs. Lindquist's condition," her twin explained, "so when we didn't return, Rick phoned the hospital. The nurse told him we had left some time ago, and that after we had gone Mrs. Lindquist became quite upset over the conversation we had about Blue Valley. She was able to tell them enough so that they suspected something was wrong and figured we had come up here."

George came into the office, the round-faced stableboy at his heels. Both halted, their eyes bulging at the sight of Johnnie Lindquist who stood, white and defiant, beside Ian.

"Johnnie—what you doin' here?" George burst out, scowling. He took a step forward, his big fists clenched. "You—you horse-killer! Are you mixed up in this mess too?"

(To be concluded)



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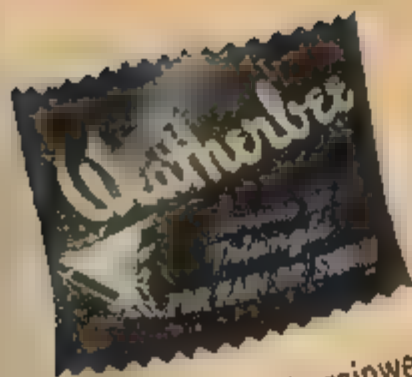
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YOUR CAREER IN NURSING

(Continued from page 33)

wonderful feeling that you're prepared to meet any health emergency in your own home.

America is very conscious of its nurses just now. Our boys overseas rated the best we had, and now that we're looking toward a nationwide plan of health service, even our "wide open spaces"—rural America—are calling for modern hospital nurses and public health nurses. Authorities agree that each year we'll need about thirty thousand new graduates from our schools of nursing. College graduates will be especially in demand. To help decide whether you are fitted for nursing, here are some questions to ask yourself:

1. Do I prefer to work with people rather than with things?

2. Do I like to have my room, my clothes, my desk, and my person in order and clean?

3. Do I keep my temper pretty well, remain calm in emergencies or under pressure, and can I smile when things go wrong?

4. Am I well and strong and able to dance and skate all evening without my feet "killing" me? (Strong arches are important in nursing, but don't be discouraged if you have flat feet. Orthopedic specialists can do wonders for you.)

5. Do I like scientific subjects in school?

6. Do I want to do something with my life that will bring me great inward satisfaction and happiness, rather than wealth and public acclaim?

If your answer to these questions is "yes," then you're all set to start studying in high school such subjects as chemistry, biology, general science, mathematics, and civics. Aim for a grade well up in the top third of your class. Since you won't be able to enter a school of nursing until you're eighteen, try to get a year of college (if you finish high school at seventeen), adding to your basic course such subjects as psychology, sociology, economics, physics, and nutrition. If you've already selected a school of nursing, find out which courses it recommends for you. Better still, if you finish high school early, you might combine nursing and college in one of the collegiate schools by taking a basic course leading to the degree of either Bachelor or Master of Nursing and "R.N." (Registered Nurse).

The choice of your school of nursing is very important. There are about 1,300 state accredited schools of nursing. Be sure you choose one of these, and preferably one connected with a hospital which cares for at least a hundred patients daily. (For a list of state accredited schools, write to the Nursing Information Bureau, 1790 Broadway, New York



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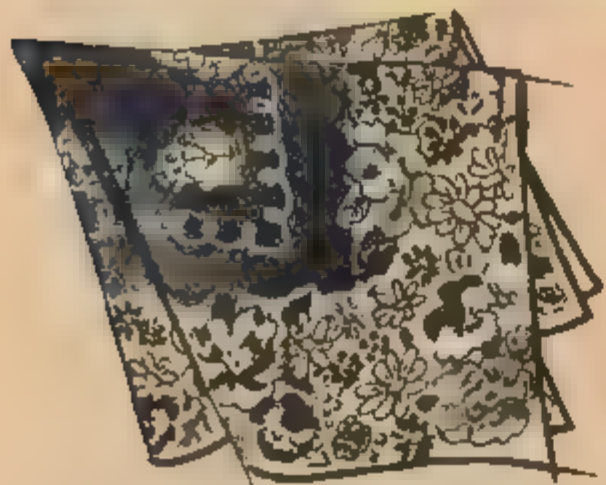
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19, N. Y.) The larger hospitals offer wider experience, a better qualified faculty, usually, and better equipment. If you select a smaller hospital, you'll be given a part of your experience in another hospital.

Before being admitted to a school, you'll have a personal interview with its director, if possible, and you'll be given a complete physical examination and an aptitude test. The regular course lasts from two and one-half to three years. Vacations and sick leave are allowed. Most schools require a 48-hour week, including classes.

You'll find tuition varies—from \$95 to \$1,600 for the course! Probably \$200 would be average, and you'll need to allow for the cost of textbooks, uniforms, etc., in most schools. In nearly all schools, students receive full maintenance while they're in training, and free medical and nursing care if it's required. Some scholarships are available to those who need them. (Information about scholarships may be obtained from the school in which you plan to enroll, or from the state nurses association in the capital of your state.)

A school of nursing is much like other schools—there are classes, quizzes, exams, laboratory hours, and loads of fun off duty. Many of the schools have gyms, swimming pools, tennis courts, rumpus rooms, and a director of recreation, with careful health supervision—for after all you have to practice what you preach! But there is this difference: in this school your nose is in a book only part of the time; the rest of the time your hands are learning to give baths, hypodermic injections, dressings, irrigations, and treatments of all kinds; your eyes are seeing and learning to recognize every form of suffering and its symptoms, from the miracle of birth to the mystery of death. You are training your mind to be accurate, to remember details, to calculate medications, to record tests, and to report reactions. You are a nurse from the moment you touch your first patient. This school teaches from living models, and your teachers may be doctors and surgeons of world renown. You may even have a small share in some new discovery as important to mankind as the development of penicillin! When you graduate you'll take the state board examinations for your license to practice nursing—just as the doctor takes his examinations to practice medicine.

You may already know what branch of nursing especially interests you. If you don't, look at this list. Here, surely, are enough different fields to fit the taste of the most choosy!

Hospital nursing. General staff nurse, ward supervisor, instructor of nurses, clinical specialist (for instance, surgical nurse, care of children, care of mothers and babies, mental nursing), administrator.



Annual salaries, \$1,200—\$6,000. The lower salaries include maintenance; the upper ones are for administrative positions.

Public health nursing. A rapidly growing field. Positions may be in city, county, or state health departments, visiting nurse associations, and schools. Includes staff or field nursing, supervision and administrative jobs. A public health nurse must be a good teacher. Annual salaries, \$1,600—\$8,000, no maintenance. Usually must be able to drive a car.

Industrial nursing. Another coming field. Positions may be in large or small plants, department stores, hotels, or on transportation lines. Annual salaries, \$1,600—\$3,500.

Nursing in federal institutions. These are civil service appointments. Positions may be in the Veterans Administration Facilities, Indian Service, Marine hospitals, or other federally-supported institutions. Salaries, \$1,900—\$6,000.

Army and Navy Nurse Corps. Nurses receive rank, starting as second lieutenant or as ensign. \$1,800—\$4,000 (base pay).

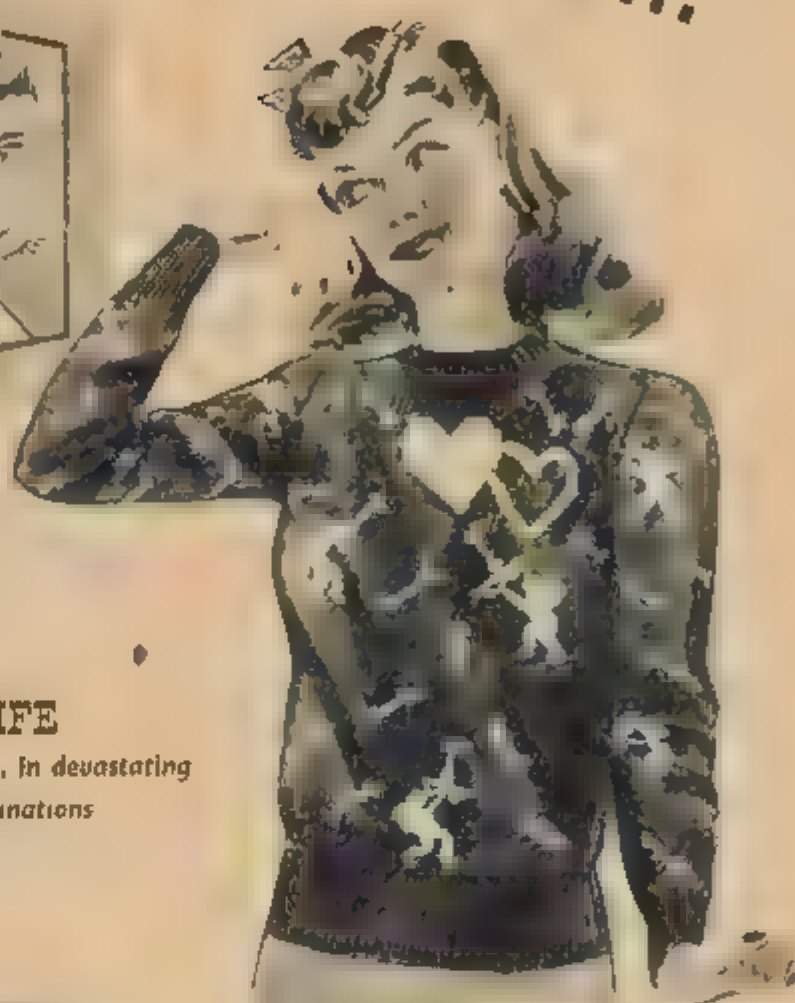
Private duty nursing in homes and hospitals. Ninety cents to \$1 an hour, usually one meal included; no vacations or sick leave except at own expense. Nursing in doctors' offices may be on salary basis.

Teaching. In addition to the regular nurses' training, a Bachelor's degree is usually required. Advanced preparation in specialized fields leads to better teaching posts. Opportunities for teaching can be found in nursing schools and in those colleges and universities which offer advanced nursing courses. The pay ranges from \$1,100 to \$8,400.

Right now American nurses are serving in nearly every country of the world. For the more advanced positions, you'll need additional training and experience, because nursing—like every other profession worthy of the name—is always changing, growing, and developing its specialties. If you're prepared in a specialty, you can command a higher salary. Nursing will offer you considerable more security than a job in industry, because people still fall ill, get hurt, and have babies in spite of wars, depressions, or revolutions! You'll note, too, that nursing is one of the most inexpensive openings to a well-paid career with no ceiling on its future opportunities. It's the second largest professional field open to women (teaching comes first) and boasts the highest marriage rate! And—by the way—nursing, unlike many other careers, is never lost through marriage. In fact, it offers fine preparation for founding a happy, healthy home.

There's this strange, but fortunate, feature about nursing: you find out mighty soon whether you like it or not. If you do, nothing will make you give it up. Sure, it's hard! There will be days when you are so dog-tired you fall into bed still half dressed. There will be patients so irritating that you bite your lips to keep from telling them "where to get off." But there'll be other days, or nights, when you come off duty with such an exalted feeling of having conquered the world that you wouldn't change jobs with anyone on earth—not for a million dollars!—because you have helped save a life.

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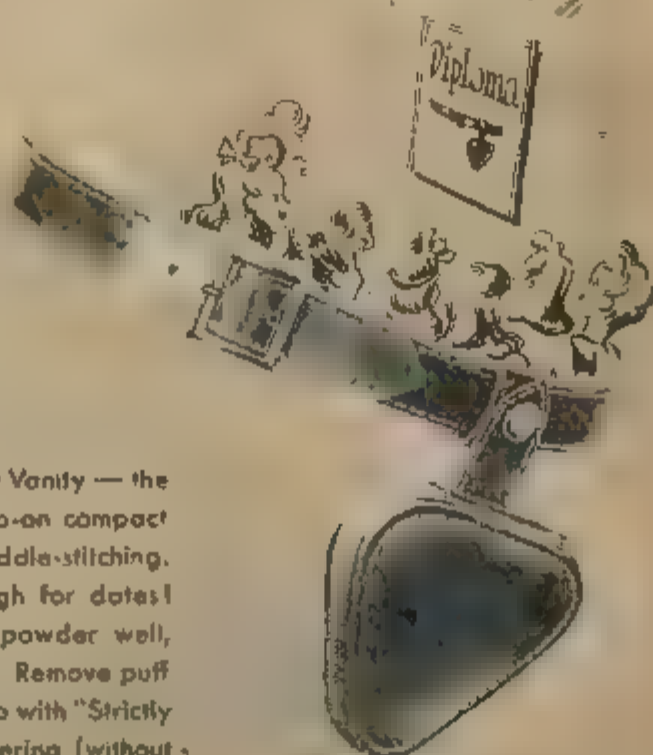
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CRAZY OVER HORSES

(Continued from page 37)

The ground was so far away I could hardly see it, and my teeth were chattering so loud the old horse turned his head around to see what all the noise was. Then he opened his mouth about a yard and a half—you never saw so many teeth in your life! I couldn't decide whether he was laughing at me, or just getting ready to chew my leg off, so I sat there and hollered, "Get me down off of here, somebody!"

At home it was just as bad. Her father, she knew, was proud of her horsemanship. She had heard him bragging to his friends about it: "Jane's cousins have been riding all their lives—practically jumped from the cradle into the saddle, but Jane is just about as good on horseback!" But even he hadn't the vaguest idea how she felt about horses. To him, riding was just another athletic skill, like playing tennis, and a good horse was no better than a good tennis racket. When she asked for a horse for her birthday, he threw up his hands.

"It's impossible!" he exclaimed. "Why, do you have any idea what it costs your uncle to keep up that stable? Even aside from the price of a good saddle horse, it would be out of the question for us to keep one."

"Good heavens!" her mother cried in alarm. "I should say so! Oh, dear, I do think a horse is so—so . . ."

"So what?" demanded Jane.

"So large, dear."

"Well, then, if I can't have a horse for my birthday, I don't want anything."

"But of course you'll have a party, dear. Why, you've always had a party, and it's always been such fun, hasn't it?"

"I don't want any old party," replied Jane sulkily. "All I want is a horse."

"And you'll need a new dress," her mother went on brightly, just as if Jane hadn't spoken. "I saw the loveliest dress last week, in Higger's window, I think it was. Just your type. It was rather expensive, but as long as it will do for the Fall Dance, too . . ."

"The Fall Dance?" Jane echoed blankly.

"Why certainly. You're going, aren't you? I thought you said Chuck Ryan had asked you."

"Oh, he asked me, all right," mumbled Jane. "But I don't know. Honestly, Mother, Chuck Ryan is an awful dope. Do you know what he said the other day? He said, 'Horses? Why I thought the horse was extinct, like the dodo!' Anyway, I don't want to go to the old Fall Dance."

"Really, Jane . . ." began her mother, in exasperation, but Jane had fled to the sanctuary of her own room where she could be alone.

At school she continued to dream her way through classes, doodling little sketches of horses on the margins of her notebooks. One day, in geometry, a piece of paper with a horse sketched on it slipped from her desk to the floor. She reached for it quickly, but not quickly enough. The boy across the aisle picked it up, glanced at it casually.

"Too short in the pastern," he commented.

With scarlet cheeks, Jane snatched the drawing. Short in the pastern, indeed! Well, maybe it was, at that. At least he hadn't said thick in the ankles, as Chuck Ryan certainly would have. She glanced sidewise at him.

His name was Grant Davidson, and that was all she knew about him. He was new in school this year. He was tall and gangling, and she had often stumbled over his big feet in the aisle on her way to her seat. But he must know something about horses. She promptly resolved to get acquainted with him.

This turned out to be harder than she had anticipated. Every time she ran into him around school, she gave him a smile and a cordial greeting, and every time he replied, without enthusiasm, "Hiya." If only she could catch him outside of school and start a conversation—but she never saw him outside of school. He wasn't in the noisy crowd that descended on the corner drugstore at three-thirty. He wasn't out for football, she discovered by hanging around one afternoon and watching the squad practice. Of course Chuck, the big oaf, thought she had come to watch him, but that couldn't be helped. She finally came to the conclusion that Grant must have some kind of a regular job after school. She asked a few cautious questions of people, but nobody seemed to know Grant Davidson.

One morning, about a week before her birthday, she ran into Chuck at the corner, and they bicycled to school together.

"Well, today's the big day!" he exclaimed. Jane looked blank. "Say—don't you know what day this is?" he demanded.

"Why, Friday isn't it?"

"'Friday,' she says. Listen, dim-wit, we play our first game this afternoon, and the coach is starting me at right half. How do you like *that*?"

Suddenly Jane remembered the dogged way Chuck had worked to make the team for three years.

"Oh, how swell!" she exclaimed warmly. "I'm so glad—and you can just bet I'll be out there this afternoon rooting for you!"

"Atta girl," he replied heartily. "Say, this is just like old times, isn't it? I knew you were all right, all the time, Janey. That's what I kept telling the gang—Janey's off the beam, but it's strictly temporary. A regular gal, like Jane McGregor, I kept saying—it stands to reason she isn't



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going to go on mooning forever about something as sissy as riding around on a horse, in a pair of fancy pants! I knew you'd snap out of it." Jane's eyes began to flash dangerously, but Chuck blundered happily on. "Stick around after the game, huh? We'll go someplace. And remember that date for the Fall Dance."

Jane exploded. "Chuck Ryan, don't you ever dare speak to me again as long as you live! Riding horseback isn't sissy—it takes a lot more brains and nerve and skill than kicking a silly old football around and rolling in the mud! I'd rather go riding any day than watch any old football game that was ever played! In fact, I'm not even going to the game this afternoon, so there. And you can just get yourself another date for the Fall Dance."

Chuck's mouth sagged open. "But you said . . ."

"I did not!" she snapped. "Anyway, I've got another date—I'm going with Grant Davidson!"

As she pedaled on alone toward school, Jane wondered, "Now what in the world made me say that? I can't even get a civil hello out of the guy—fat chance I have of getting an invitation to the Fall Dance!"

Well, one thing—she wasn't going out to the field and watch Chuck Ryan cover himself with glory. The big gorilla. Right after her last class, she dashed to the bicycle rack, grabbed her bike, and started for home. She took the first corner at breakneck speed, and nearly collided with another bike. The rider was Grant Davidson.

"Hi!" she greeted him, when she had recovered her breath. "Say, do you go home this way, too? It's funny we never ran into each other before, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, and rode on in silence.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "this is where I ought to start a perfectly fascinating conversation or something." But he was riding so rapidly that it took all her breath just to keep up with him. Soon they were speeding along a street heading for the edge of town.

"Do you live this far out?" asked Grant finally.

"Well, no. But I'm going this way today," she said casually. "And that's no lie," she thought.

The houses got farther and farther apart, the sidewalks disappeared, fields of ragged goldenrod bordered the road. And still Grant pedaled along in stony silence, and Jane racked her brains for something to say.

Suddenly he slowed down and stopped at a narrow dirt lane. "Well, so long," he said abruptly, and before Jane could open her mouth, he turned off into the lane and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Boy! What a brush-off," she muttered, staring after him.

Well, it didn't take a brick house to fall on her. But as she wheeled her bike around, she heard a sound she hadn't heard since she left Westhope—the eager nicker of a horse who sees a friend approaching. She wouldn't—she couldn't—go back to town until she had at least seen the horse, even if it was only a farm animal.

She thrust her bike under some bushes and started cautiously up the lane on foot. At the first bend she stopped. There was a farmhouse, old and comfortably ugly with wide, sagging porches, and beyond it a barn, a stable, and scattered out-buildings. A rail fence surrounded a broad expanse of sloping meadow. Grant Davidson stood at the fence with his back toward her, rubbing the ears of a bay horse—a little fellow, hardly more than a colt—who was playfully nipping his shoulder. In the meadow two other horses were grazing, a gray and a black. One glance told Jane that these were no farm animals. They were fine saddle horses—beauties, all of them.

Grant turned and went into the barn, and the little bay, with a toss of its head and a flourish of his heels, cantered off to join the other horses. If only she had an apple or a carrot, she might coax one of them over to the fence.

"I suppose I'm trespassing, or something," she thought, "but I don't see how they can do anything more than throw me out!"

At the corner of the barn, she ran smack into Grant. He was wearing heavy boots and carrying a rake and a shovel.

"Oh—hello," she said lamely. So this was his after-school job. "Do you suppose they'd mind if I just went and talked to the horses?"

"Who?" he asked.

"Why, they . . ." she nodded toward the house. "The people that own them."

"Oh—I dunno," he answered evasively. "Horses don't much like being squealed at and pawed over." He turned his back on her and walked off toward the stable.

Jane stared after him, seething. "Why—why . . ." she sputtered. What did he take her for, anyway? Maybe he thought that if he was rude enough, she would get mad and go away. "Well, I just won't," she thought grimly, "at least, not until someone comes out of the house and orders me away." She perched on the fence and watched Grant clean one of the box stalls, raking out the old straw and litter. It reminded her pleasantly of the way she had hung around the stables at Westhope, watching Eddie putter around with his chores, but Eddie treated her like a human being.

She tried again. "Do you work here every day?"

He nodded without looking up.

"Do they—do they ever let you ride any of the horses?"

they'll put you across as a gal who knows.

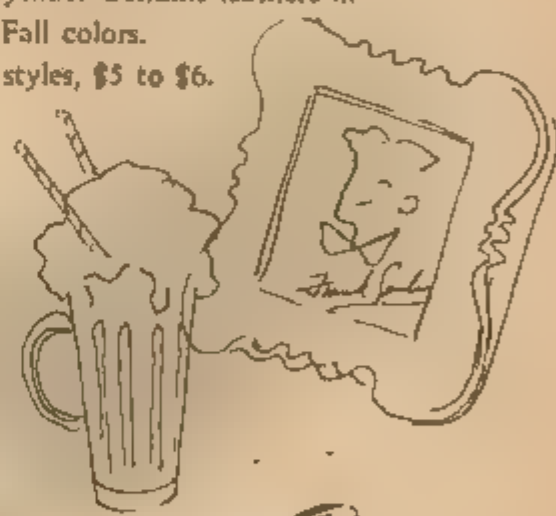
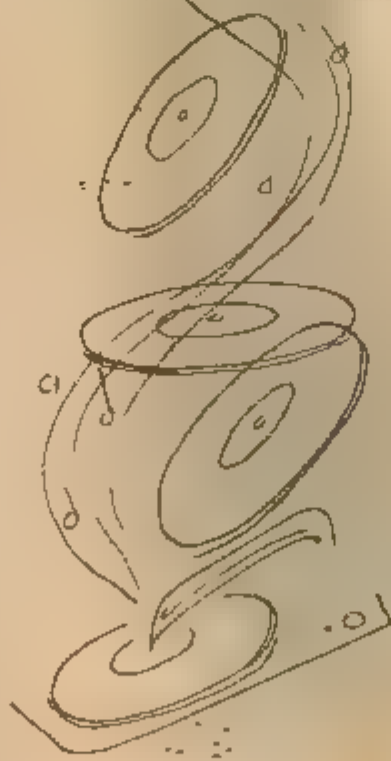


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A smile flitted across his face. Then he replied shortly, "Yeah. It's part of my job. The horses need exercise—more than they get."

Jane's words tumbled out. "Oh—do you think I wonder I mean, would they ever let me ride? I'd give anything to..."

"These aren't livery stable hacks," he replied scornfully. "They're fine horses with sensitive mouths."

"But I can ride. Honestly, I can..." But Grant had disappeared. He returned in a minute with a load of clean straw and began spreading it evenly across the floor of the stall. Jane was almost crying with anger and disappointment. "I can too ride," she repeated.

"That's what a lot of people think," he said rudely, and went on. "You know anything about horses? Ever clean out a stall? Can you saddle a horse? Rub it down properly?"

"No," she said crossly. "The stableman did all that."

"That's what I thought," he replied, and continued his work.

The horses were grazing on the far side of the meadow, and Jane knew there wasn't a chance of coaxing one over to the fence. "Maybe I can get acquainted with the people who live here," she thought desperately. "There must be some way! I've just got to ride those horses."

"Oh, Grant!" called a woman's voice from the house. He set down his rake and walked off without a backward glance. Jane sat on the fence and thought, and the more she thought, the madder she got. So Grant Davidson thought if you couldn't muck out a stall, you couldn't ride a horse.

"Of all the pig-headed, bad-tempered dopes!" she muttered, feeling thoroughly pig-headed and bad-tempered herself. "I'll show him!" She jumped down from the fence and pushed open the stable door. In a corner of the back room she found a pair of overalls hanging from a nail. They were much too big, but she stepped into them, rolled the pants up around the ankles, and seized the rake. She went to work where Grant had left off, raking out the trampled litter with vicious jabs. Then she scraped and smoothed the packed clay of the floor with the square-ended shovel. To her surprise, she found she was beginning to enjoy herself. She spread the clean, shining straw on the floor with as much care and pride as if she were setting a table for a dinner party.

It was not easy work. By the time she had finished the next stall, perspiration was dripping down her face, and there was a brand new blister at the base of her thumb, but she stepped back and surveyed her work with a glow of satisfaction. "What next?" she wondered. The water buckets needed filling. There was one in each stall, set into a bracket to keep the horses from over-

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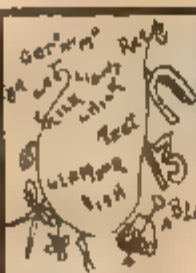
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turning it. She tugged at one, but could not get it out.

"Like this," said Grant at her elbow, and handed her the bucket. "Use the faucet at the corner of the barn. Rinse the bucket well before you refill it." The full buckets were heavy, but she made the trip three times, raising another blister and slopping a good deal of water into her loafers.

"Now what?" she asked. Grant put down the bag of feed he was carrying.

"That's all," he said, grinning. Jane grinned back. "Look, Jane," he said, "I'm sorry I was so nasty, but I was in an awful temper this afternoon. I wanted to stay at school for the game—and I couldn't. So I took it out on you."

"I was in a sort of temper myself," admitted Jane. "So let's call it even. Oh—look!" The horses were crowding around the gate.

"They think it's dinner time," explained Grant. "If I don't let the gray one in, he'll come over the fence in a minute."

"I like the Little bay best," said Jane. "Do you ride him much?"

"Sunny? I've handled him a lot. He's used to the feel of a saddle and bridle. He could be broken now by a lightweight, but he won't be up to my weight for another year."

"Oh!" breathed Jane. "I—I weigh ninety-seven pounds."

He looked her over appraisingly. "Say—that's an idea. Of course, I'd have to see you ride first. You need light hands for that job. Can you ride in those overalls?"

"I can ride in anything!" she cried. "O.K. I'll saddle Lady for you, and I want you to watch while I do it, because next time, you're going to do it while I watch."

"Next time!" Jane's heart was singing as she vaulted into the saddle. "Take her around the meadow a couple of times," Grant directed.

At first Jane rode stiffly, acutely conscious of Grant's critical eye on her. Her hands felt wooden, and getting a good knee grip in a pair of baggy overalls was a very different matter from riding in well-tailored breeches. But by the time Lady settled into a smooth canter, Jane had forgotten everything else in the world. Around and around the big meadow they swept. Jane could have gone on forever, but she pulled Lady down to a trot and returned triumphantly to the gate. Then she noticed the tall woman leaning on the fence beside Grant.

"Oh, my!" she thought in a sudden panic. "I bet she's mad at him for letting me ride her horse. Oh, what if he loses his job!"

But Grant was smiling and waving. As Jane jogged through the gate, Grant turned to the woman and said, "Mother, this is Jane McGregor. How about it—shall I let her break Sunny for me?"

Jane blushed and stammered some-

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thing, as Mrs. Davidson said, "I am very happy to meet you, Jane. I expect you could do a good job on Sunny—if you aren't afraid to take a few spills. Come up to the house, you two, when you're through, and we'll try to find something to eat."

Later, sitting on the porch with Grant and his mother, eating cake and drinking cold milk, Jane blurted out, "I—I thought Grant was the stableboy."

"I am," he replied, through a large mouthful of cake. "Of course Dad helps on week ends."

"Grant has been in complete charge of the stable ever since we moved here," explained his mother. "It was that or give up the horses and move into an apartment. The only thing that worries me is the fact that he doesn't seem to have gotten acquainted with anyone at school yet."

"Well, gosh," complained Grant. "I have to rush right home after school. And then, most people are such dopes about horses. You can't very well walk up to a perfect stranger and say, 'Come on home with me this afternoon, and we'll have a fine time shoveling out a stable!'"

"I don't see why not!" exclaimed Jane, with spirit. "I'll come and shovel every day—that is, if you'll let me. And as for getting acquainted, I know what! You just come to my birthday party a week from tomorrow, and you'll get acquainted with the whole gang! They're a pretty good bunch, too," she added, "even if they are dopes about horses!"

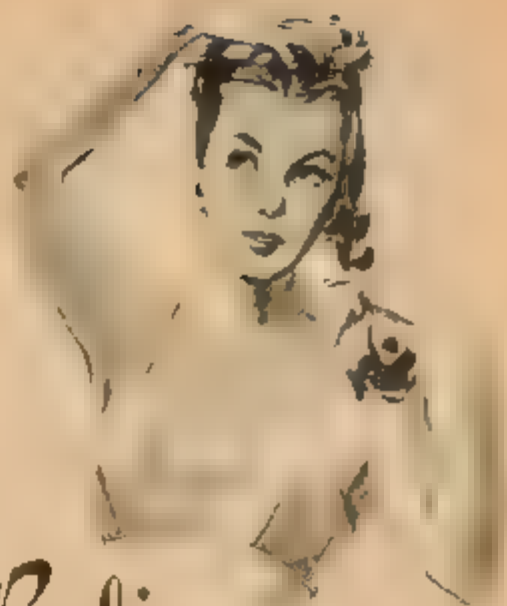
As Jane bicycled home, protesting muscles told her that she would be stiff tomorrow, but she rode in a haze of happiness. She burst into the house, shouting, "Mother! Mother! Say, isn't it about time we did something about my party?"

"Your party?"

"Sure—it's my birthday next week. Don't I always have a party?"

Mrs. McGregor beamed. "Why, Jane, darling, I'm so glad you're taking an interest in things at last. I was afraid you'd never stop mooning because you couldn't have a horse."

Jane threw her arms around her mother in a bear hug. "I don't have to moon any more about horses I haven't got," she caroled. "I've got horses—or just as good as! I can ride every single day, yes, and mess around the stable all I want. Golly, I've got to dig up my jodhpurs and some overalls that fit. And, jeepers, I'd better get on the phone and start rounding up the gang! How many may I ask? And I'll have to make up with Chuck first. I know, I'll ask him to bring Carol—she hasn't got a date for the Fall Dance yet. And, say, Mother—how about a new dress? Something that will just knock your eye out. There's a new boy coming, and he doesn't know anything about it yet, but I have a date with him for the Fall Dance!"



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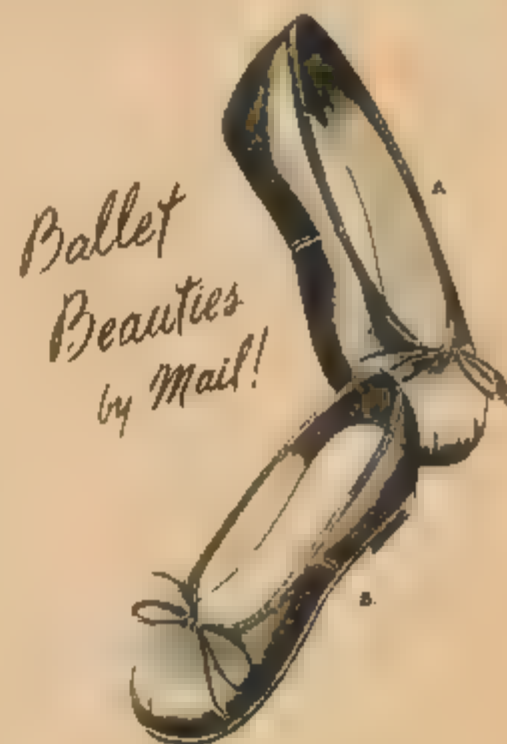
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PICNIC-FIRE FAVORITES

(Continued from page 48)

Everything in? Stir the mixture a little, form it lightly into a large cake in the bowl, and let it sit in the ice-box a couple of hours. When you're ready to make the cakes, use the professional trick—shape them round and don't flatten them till they're about to go on the grill.

A little special, this picnic? Shape each cake about an inch thick and wrap a strip of bacon around it, fastening the end with a toothpick. Sprinkle top and bottom lightly with salt. Stack cakes between layers of wax paper, and they're ready to go in the basket.

Give onion addicts thick slices of Bermuda onion to slap on top of their hamburgers, and they're much happier than with slivers in the meat. Meantime, the gal who "likes onions, but they don't like her" can still eat. Oh, you just know they all like onions? All right, sauté 4 tablespoons of chopped onions to the pound of hamburger till they are a nice golden brown. Then sprinkle them in along with the other seasonings.

Now for the cooking. If you have an outdoor fireplace with a flat metal sheet, that's one way. Grease the sheet, and once the fire gets it good and hot, slap them on, give them a couple of minutes, flip, repeat, and you're in. It's one school of hamburger cooking, and nobody says no. But apparently there's no doubt about it, the bed of hot embers cooks the hamburger nobody ever forgets—practically crusty on the outside, still pink and juicy within.

For lasting embers, you need fair-size hunks of dry wood, and time. At least an hour. But if you're cooking for only two or three persons, kindling-size pieces that burn to embers fast will do the trick, because you can rebuild the fire, and it will just about burn down enough for the second batch while you eat the first.

All right, here we go. Flatten the meat ball. Grease your grill so it won't stick. Slip meat in the grill and push the catch up tight—and mind you turn with care or you'll lose it out sidewise! Then sizzling-close over those red coals for half a minute on each side for the Cannibal Sandwich Kids and maybe a minute for the medium rares. You can check on the interior by prying one of the hamburgers open a crack with two knives without taking it out of the grill. Everything depends on how flat the cakes are and how hot the fire.

What about the rest of the space in the picnic basket? We have "briefed" two wonderful hamburger menus down to the last salt cellar and paper napkin. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for Heavenly Hamburgers to Junior Housekeeping Department 31, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



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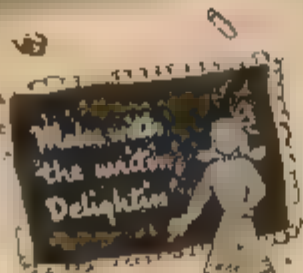
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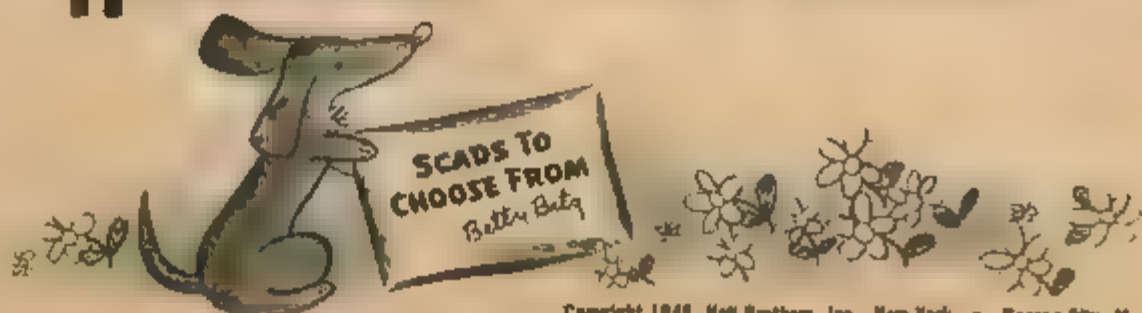
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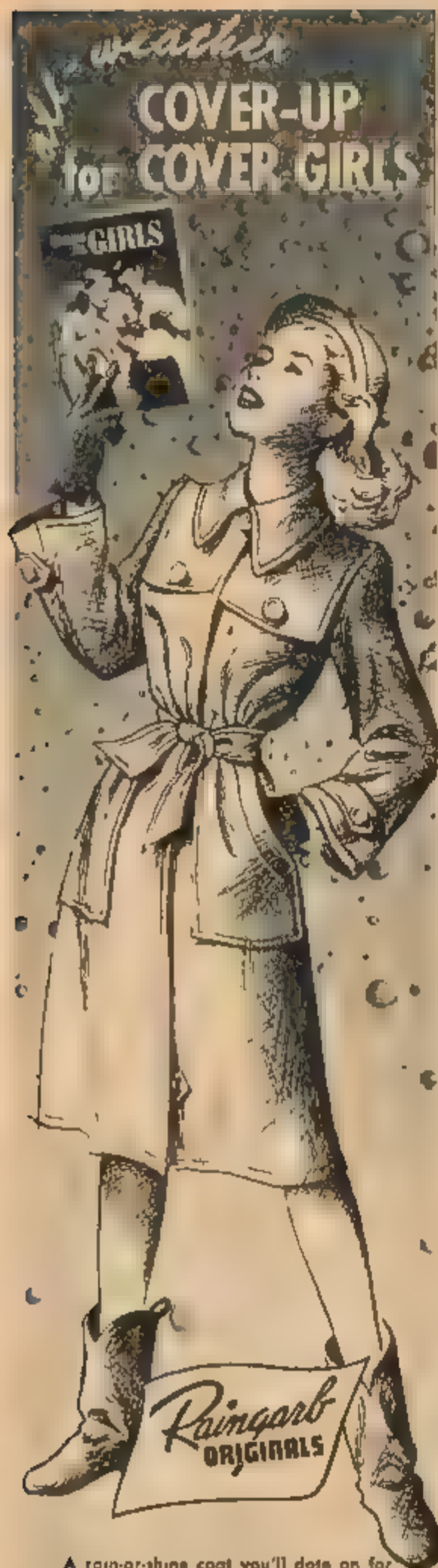
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THIS IS NO DOUBLE-TALK

(Continued from page 45)

twenty-one. But I can't vote—who'd listen to me?" That's where you're wrong.

Take the question of race relationships, for instance. You don't have to be of voting age to take a stand on equal rights for all races, creeds, and nationalities. It's a question that comes up every day, in school, on the street, in conversations. Important? You bet it is! Remember how that ugly business of picking on a few guys who were in the minority snowballed into a world war?

But you don't build friendly world relationships—the kind that will make certain we don't have any more wars—just with one big easy gesture. You build them little by little, day by day, right where you are now, by being honestly friendly and understanding toward the people on your own block, in your own classroom, no matter what their color or religion, or what country they hail from. That's how you make sure Fascism can't flourish in your particular neck of the woods. If we all pitch in and do a job, we'll have the thing licked.

I don't need to tell you how the people in the entertainment world feel about discrimination. There's never been anyone in my profession who ever refused to walk out on the stage because there was a Jew or a Catholic or a Negro in the audience. We judge our fellow actors only by their talent and how well they perform on the stage. Well, that's for you, too. What's important about the kid across the aisle from you in school isn't the color of his skin, or what church he goes to, or where his parents came from—it's what kind of student he is and whether he's a credit to his school, and what kind of citizen he's going to be.

Ten to one, you aren't guilty of discrimination yourself. But—well, yes, you've heard other people make disparaging cracks about some minority group. So what did you do? Gulp a little and change the subject? It isn't always easy to speak up—you're afraid you're going to be known as "one of those people with a chip on her shoulder." But take a look at some of the gals and guys you admire most. Chances are, they're young people with courage enough to speak up for what they believe in—and they aren't exactly shunned by their schoolfellows.

There's another job you can do while you're waiting for the polls to open to you. You go to meetings, and you come home all impressed with what you've heard. But that isn't enough. The important thing is to do something about it. Well, you can write, can't you? Get out the old fountain pen, grab a sheet of paper or a postal card, and let your Congressman know how you feel. Oh, I know, you're not a voter—and besides, maybe you wouldn't phrase

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the thing right. But your class at school or your Camp Fire or Girl Scout group can draw up a letter—and all those signatures of future voters will give Congress some idea of how the youth of America feels. You don't have to know any high-sounding phrases—just write—write often enough, and on my word of honor, girls, you'll get results. Congressmen do take notice of the letters and wires that pour in, and when they're swamped with demands to vote yes on a bill, you won't find them voting no unless they want a new job after election day. If they were for the bill all the time, don't you suppose they're glad to have a few bushels of letters from home backing them up—something to prove their point when it comes to arguing for the bill?

If you feel strongly enough about an issue, you can urge the voters in your family to write, too. When Pop says, "Sure, sure, sure," and then goes back to his sports page, remember that he's done a day's work and make writing easy for him. Get him paper and envelopes, look up addresses for him, lick the stamps. That's political action on the home front.

There's something else you can do, too, while you're waiting for the day when you can cast your vote. Some fine youth organizations have been started with the aim of building world friendship and making sure of peace. If you teen-agers get into them and put them over, you'll find you have a voice. People are going to listen when the youth of America, as a group, speak out for the rights of minorities, for peace, for a cooperative, friendly attitude toward other nations. Don't join everything that comes along—it's important to know who's back of these organizations, what their aims are. Then when you know the thing is on the level, and the people backing it are to be trusted, get in there and work!

You know, once upon a time we had a crazy notion we were living in a world by ourselves. But we had that taken out of us in a hurry. If we think we can ever again live in the United States as a world apart from other countries, all we have to do is take a look at any airline map. It's a small world, isn't it? Can we get along with these new neighbors who used to live a long way off and have moved right next door? Don't let any warmongers tell you it can't be done. We've done a good job of getting along with Canada and Mexico, thank you—give us a little time and we'll get acquainted with the rest of the world and find our new neighbors just as anxious to live at peace as we are.

Sure, it's a big job, but you won't be alone, because there are a lot of us who feel that the most important thing in the world is to establish friendly relationships with other nations so that we can live in a peaceful world and not just a peaceful country.



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MEDAL FOR MUMS

(Continued from page 62)

chocolate syrup to put over the whole thing."

Mary Jo was very definite. "Much more dreamy than plain old angel food."

Relieved and happy, Mums hurried upstairs to repair the damage of one afternoon in the kitchen.

"Kind of cute of her at that, wasn't it?" Dad grinned and opened his newspaper. "Where are you going, Mary Jo?" he demanded as out of the corner of his eye he caught the flick of the opening front door.

"Just a little errand," Mary Jo answered, TwoGees' mother's cake dish concealed by the door. "I'll be back before Mums is ready."

"All right," Dad waved affably. "Ask Tuck to go to dinner with us if you like."

Mary Jo wandered down the street, wondering what in the world to do with her beautiful angel food. The Wagners' garbage can certainly would not do, and you can't just toss a cake into the street.

"What are you doing, roaming around with that thing?" demanded a shadowy figure.

"Oh, Tuck! What in the world am I going to do?" Mary Jo was so relieved to see him that she poured out the whole story. "It isn't just that I don't want Mums to know how mean I was going to be, flashing the cake on her in front of the gang. She worked so hard. Tuck, at something she didn't know anything about, just to please me. I can't let her see this cake. And I can't think of any place to throw it."

Tuck lifted the cover. "Throw this away?" Real horror was in his voice. "We'll just slide this under my workbench. There's nothing handier around a workbench on a Saturday afternoon than a nice angel food cake."

Tuck fumbled with the cake box and fumbled, too, for words. "Uh, Mary Jo, look. Mary Jo, I'm not going to be so awfully busy, after all. About tonight. I mean, if it's all right, Mary Jo?"

Mary Jo grinned up at him. "Swell, Tucky. I'm all right, too, now. Are you too busy to go out with Mums and Dad and me for dinner?"

"Heck, no. Just give me time to get rid of the loot and arrange me coils." Tuck galloped toward his house. "Wait for Pappy."

"I will," Mary Jo promised. "I will." She stretched her free arms up to the dim sky. Now that that wretched angel food was gone, she felt a thousand times freer, a million times happier. What a mellow night! What a swell, swell night for the gang! Everything was perfectly perfect again.

"And Martha herself never made a finer angel food cake," Mary Jo reflected, "than the one that Mums made especially for me."

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FROM YOU TO US
(Continued from page 4)

We Canadians do, but not to the point where it becomes double talk or a new language. I personally am proud of the fact that I speak a fairly correct English and feel rather queer after hearing a friend use slang. The general opinion in our crowd is that good English is a good deal "smarter" than jabberwocky.

J. A., Montreal, Que.

We are writing from Scotland to give you our opinion of CAG. Are American girls as sloppy as your magazine makes them out to be? I sincerely hope not. Do they really make up to such an extent? At Dunfermline High, even the seniors wear little make-up even on holidays or special occasions. The majority, of course, wear none at all.

But, what we think worst of all, is their one idea, boys—how to date them, how to attract them. Nearly all your advertisements use boys as a medium for encouraging girls to buy any and every article. Even the worst flirt at the High thinks sometimes of her lessons. Do American girls ever do any homework?

Please do not labor under the impression that we are goody-goodies or that we are anti-American. There are many customs about America we like and admire, but nothing we have read for a considerable time has provided us with so many laughs on every page.

I. R., I. S., F. R., Dunfermline, Fife.

We've done it, but we'll do it again

In your May issue, I enjoyed the article, "Don't Cry, Little Girl" because knowing what shorties should do tells me what NOT to do. However, I would like to see an article for us who are the larger editions.

B. D., Seattle, Wash.

There are plenty of advantages in being tall. But why doesn't Louise Carlisle write an article about us, the Mammoth Mamies?

M. B., Columbia, S. C.

Some like 'em older

I think the articles on movie stars in CAG are super, but not all our swoon boys are the new discoveries. My friends and I still like Alan Ladd, Clark Gable, John Payne, and others who have been in the movies a long time.

J. W., Rochester, N. Y.

Nothing surprises us

The May issue of "Jabberwocky and Jive" had a modern superstition which said, "Let the phone ring three times before answering and you'll hear the voice that sends you." Well, I did just that very thing this morning and sure enough, the voice did send me. It sent me down to the basement to call my father.

T. B., Chicago, Ill.

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